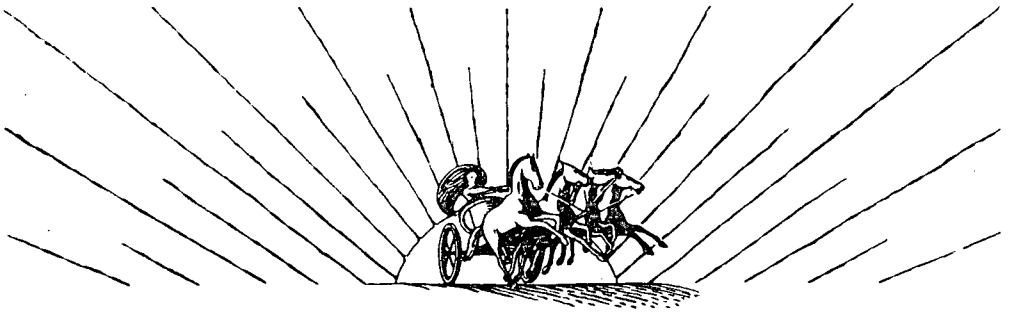

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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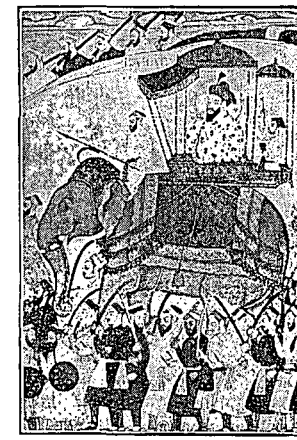
ASIA: A SHORT HISTORY

By

HERBERT HENRY GOWEN

Herbert Henry Gowen, D.D., was born at Great Yarmouth, England. From 1886 to 1890 he was in charge of Chinese missions in Honolulu, and he has been in charge of Japanese missions in Seattle. Since 1906 he has been Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of Washington at Seattle. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Royal Asiatic Society and a member of the American Oriental Society. He is the author of numerous books, including "An Outline History of China."

ASIA, with the countless and varying currents of racial, political and religious feeling and activity running through her history, with her great figures of romance, such as Timur the Lame, Jenghiz Khan, Akbar the Great, and that Western adventurer in the East, Marco Polo, is a field tempting to an historian. The author treats these currents with full recognition of their primary importance, but also sees the influence of great men, whether conquerors or mystics, in changing the tides of the world's story.



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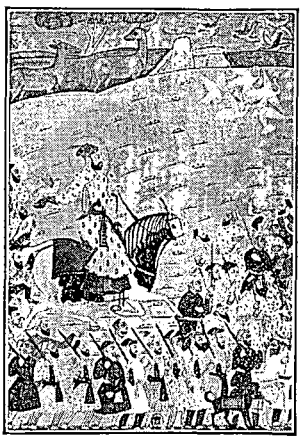
Dr. Gowen, Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of Washington, is, however, far less interested in the exotic story of Asia for its own sake than he is in enabling the people of contemporary America to understand the peoples of Asia through their social and political backgrounds. The author believes that the life of the world is approaching an era in which the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean will come to the forefront, and that the preservation of peace among those nations depends upon their understanding of each other's history, problems and racial differences. This understanding will be made clearer if each nation has before its eyes the development of its neighbors in the present and their hopes for the future.



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THE GUIDE POST

WHILE our liberal press denies any rumors of trouble in Russia, and while yellower journals proclaim the downfall of Bolshevism, it is wise to consult a level-headed authority like Theodor von Renteln, who argues from sound facts to as definite conclusions as anyone is safe in arriving at under the circumstances. In writing for the German-language *Pester Lloyd*, he would be inclined to give the Reds a little less than an even break, for Budapest is down on Communists, as the recent trials there have shown. If the world at large shares many of these Hungarian prejudices regarding the Bolsheviki, it is because of the stories we have heard about men like Dzerzhinskii. The Russian-language *Dni* (meaning 'Days'), is edited by involuntarily expatriate Russians in Paris, who have no use at all for the present régime at home.

* * *

Our British version of the Church and State row in Mexico would be about as unprejudiced a treatment of the subject as one could find. The radical *New Statesman* would have equally little sympathy with the strong-armed Calles, the Roman Church, and the United States. Yet it would not have it in for any of them. Alfonso Reyes gives us a Mexican's own view of his country, in reminiscence. This writer has worked in Mexican embassies at Paris and Madrid, and has published a book of stories, from which 'My First Confession' is taken.

* * *

Abyssinia has been to the fore of late because of its natural resentment against British and Italian interference in its affairs. In giving a Frenchman's purely descriptive account of this rich and therefore coveted land, we present the point of view of a nation that is probably more interested in African affairs than any other.

* * *

The Americanization of Germany proceeds apace. Our movies, our business, our advertisements, our books, and above all our music, attract more intelligent sympathy there than in any other foreign country. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* is concerned over these manifestations, and Dr. Bernhard's article is the work of a scholar and philosopher.

* * *

To both our articles about foreigners in France the American reader will react violently. G. de Villemus is refreshingly sound in his insistence upon a tax on foreigners. Would that some American would be as frank and call for the general tourist boycott which any purse-wise Frenchman fears more than the most stringent debt settlement. To the austere Saturday Reviewer one can only point out that Paris alone enjoys the patronage of the kind of unclean person we all object to. Surely the fact that they prefer the Montmartre to the Back Bay as a scene for their revels throws some light on the inhabitants of those districts.

* * *

R. B. Cunninghame Graham is one of the few real masters of English prose now writing. His books on Spain, which has become a second fatherland to him, enjoy the highest reputation.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *SEPTEMBER 11, 1926* — NO. 4288

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Clemenceau — Coolidge — Mellon

CLEMENCEAU'S letter on the war debt naturally had an enthusiastic press in France, and a friendly press on the Continent, but it was not well received in Great Britain, where it struck at the unpopularly generous settlement Mr. Churchill had just approved with M. Caillaux. To be sure, some German papers satirized the Tiger's 'toothless roar.' Paris newspaper comment rather conveyed the impression to the people of France that conscience-stricken America was overwhelmed by the indictment of the Premier who won the war, and that even recalcitrant Senator Borah had been touched to the point of advocating a forgiveness of debts all around. The Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* was more critical, however, and reported the rumor that the old Tiger, who never felt overabundant sympathy for M. Poincaré, wished to block the latter's policies, especially any plan he might be pondering that involved ratifying the accord with Washington.

In England, the *New Statesman* called the French 'the most tactless people in the world,' and could not imagine a statesman of Clemenceau's calibre in any other country drafting such a letter. 'M. Clemenceau declares that "France is not for sale," he speaks of the "proud name" which she will leave behind her even if she be destroyed, and refers to the gallantry of her soldiers at Verdun — and all this with the object of evading a financial liability! He hints, moreover, at the unfriendly opportunism of England, and compares America's treaty with Germany to the treachery of Bolshevist Russia at Brest-Litovsk. He even goes so far as to ask in so many words, "Is not the active force of all this lost youth (France's dead) a thing to be reckoned in a bank account?" His words imply that his own answer would be in the affirmative, but he names no price per head. And he addresses this almost insulting appeal *ad misericordiam* to a creditor who came to the rescue of France in the moment of her most desperate need. Is it possible to conceive a letter better calculated to irritate American opinion or more likely to lead to a stiffening of

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the terms upon which France will eventually have to settle her debt? Even the ablest of Frenchmen cannot apparently understand that there can be any other view of the world than that absurdly self-centred view which is cultivated on the boulevards of Paris. The Americans regard themselves as noble saviors, and M. Clemenceau writes to them as if they were mercenary sneaks — hoping thereby to persuade them to a fresh act of generosity!'

The *Saturday Review* thought Clemenceau's 'brief return to politics . . . spectacularly unhelpful,' and declared that 'the enthusiasm created by M. Clemenceau's idiotic remark, "France is not for sale,"' showed Paris to be now 'in much the same dangerous state of hysteria as she was shortly before M. Poincaré entered the Ruhr. If France had not wasted her wealth and other nations' patience on military adventures, the whole debt problem might have been settled years ago.'

The *Outlook*, after predicting that the letter would have no effect in America, characterized it as an 'eloquent enough plea couched in fervid rhetoric'; but it hastened to add that 'one gets rather tired of the doctrine that France was the sole savior of civilization. The reference to Brest-Litovsk is not wholly happy. I have not heard much in France about the forgiveness of the Tsarist debts, amounting to something like 6,500,000,000 gold francs. Ironically enough, the Muscovite has as just a claim to have been the savior of civilization as the Frenchman. His losses very possibly double those of France. In 1914, and possibly again in 1916, before we got into our stride, France would have gone down but for Russia. M. Clemenceau and other Frenchmen conveniently forget this.'

The League and Pan-America

THE paper read before the International Law Union at its Fifth Session in Paris last June by Señor Alejandro Alvarez of Chile, Secretary-General of the American Institute of International Law, in which he recommended either amending the League Covenant so as to provide for regional or continental leagues within the compass of the larger body, or else to keep the League as a European organization and to establish connection between it and the existing Pan-American Union, has provoked considerable discussion in both the British and the Continental press. The fact that the International Law Union voted unanimously in favor of regional leagues within the framework of the existing Covenant naturally added to the weight of the recommendation.

It has been pointed out in this debate that under the Monroe Doctrine, which is formally recognized by the Pact, the United States, although not a member of the League, can veto the execution of any measure of coercion undertaken by Geneva against an American republic. Should the League Council decide upon such action, the country threatened could appeal to the Council of the Pan-American Union for protection; and it would be folly for the League, as at present constituted, to invite the opposition of the latter body. Our Pan-American congresses, and the numerous Pan-American conferences that supplement its sessions, operate entirely independently of the League. They and the League deal with the same questions without consultation or coöperation. When they are of different opinion regarding a matter, an American League-member is in a difficult situation — subject, as it is, to conflicting and contradictory authorities.

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Therefore, some European publicists argue, the League should forestall such embarrassments by the timely creation of a subordinate American League, able to deal more independently and harmoniously with questions of overlapping jurisdiction between itself and the Pan-American Union.

As for ourselves, a skeptical Britisher residing in the United States writes to *The Nation and the Athenæum* suggesting a reëxamination of the advantages and disadvantages of our Government's joining the League. He suggests that the United States is probably better represented at Geneva by unofficial observers like Mr. Owen D. Young and Professor Manley Hudson, who are detached and responsible, and excellently qualified professionally to exercise an influence there, than it would be by the delegates the Government would be likely to send. Washington would not select for this mission 'presidents of the General Electric Company and professors of the Harvard Law School, but politicians responsible to a President and a Party, obedient to their word and dependent upon them for their careers.' These men, 'though inferior in intrinsic qualities, would enjoy an enhanced prestige. Because of her tremendous economic supremacy, there would be a danger that the United States representative would always command an authority disproportionate alike to his own ability and his country's interests or responsibilities in the question involved.' He would want to impose upon Europe 'America's own brand of salvation.' 'Diffidence and flexibility are not qualities which President Wilson or Bishop Brent has taught us to look for in American representatives. They are more usually sanguine and stubborn. Not even Englishmen are more fond of edification as a substitute for painful accuracy, more zealous for the reform of all abuses outside their own country, or more confident that they know the remedy.' While our coöperation would without doubt be helpful in dealing with problems like suppressing the traffic in opium and the white-slave trade, and matters relating to international police and international health, our intermeddling in other questions, such as boundary controversies peculiarly affecting Europe, would be an embarrassment to all concerned.

Italy and Spain

THE treaty of friendship and conciliation concluded between Italy and Spain last month is considered a document of great importance by most transatlantic journals. The *London Saturday Review* characterized its signature as the most important political event of the moment, and as adding one more to a vicious system of partial treaties which tend to undermine the prestige of the League. To be sure, France, whose interests are supposed to be chiefly affected, has been more active than any other Power in concluding similar treaties in Eastern Europe, and now has to accept, without protest, an agreement there which may cause her even more uneasiness than the treaty between Berlin and Moscow. The same journal predicts that one result of the understanding between the two Mediterranean Powers will be to win Italian support for Spain's claim to a permanent seat on the League Council. Some Radical papers describe European diplomacy as conditioned by two chief rivalries — the conflict between the British Government and the Soviet Union; and the three-cornered struggle between Great Britain, France, and Italy for hegemony in the Mediterranean.

Although the treaty will be registered with the League, as the Covenant

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demands, its terms are not to be published. *Lavoro d'Italia* describes the conditions surrounding the treaty and its motives as follows: —

'Italy, owing to her geographical position; desires more than any other nation that the Mediterranean should not be submitted to any hegemony, and that it should become effectively free.' After stating that Italy has neutralized British predominance in the Eastern Mediterranean by establishing excellent terms with Greece, the newspaper continues: 'In the Western waters France is the controlling country; in order to neutralize the strategic supremacy depending upon the triangle, Algiers-Toulon-Bizerta, Spain and Italy must proceed together side by side.' Foreseeing the danger of a French descent from the mountains of the Rif and through the Straits of Gibraltar, which would upset the Mediterranean equilibrium, the writer concludes: 'In the face of such perils the Moroccan problem must be considered as being of European importance, and it is all to the interest of Spain that the conversations on the subject should not always be only two-sided, with herself in a position of inferiority. The Treaty of Madrid has its origin in a common need for defense and a common aspiration to the liberty of the Mediterranean.'

Le Quotidien, speaking for liberal and pacifist France, considered it natural that Rome and Madrid should reach an accord now that Italy has given up her designs upon Tangier. The two nations are drawn together by their dictatorial Governments. But it added: 'May it not be suspected that Mussolini, in hastening to conclude this agreement with Spain, seeks, if not to frighten France, at least to call her attention to what his newspapers characterize as her "disloyal attitude" toward his designs upon Abyssinia?'

Helping the Poor Arab

RUMOR has it that M. de Jouvenel will end his term of office as High Commissioner for Syria upon presenting his report to the League this autumn. It is difficult for an outsider to discover any justification for establishing European mandates over countries where the principal effect of this supervision is to plunge its supposed beneficiaries into bloodshed and misery. To be sure, the same objection might have been raised to American rule in the Philippines twenty-five years ago; and if we count by decades and centuries, what seem to be dragon's teeth may flower into lilies of peace. No such promise is visible in Syria at present, however, and the latest action of the French in ravaging the Ghuta oasis around Damascus, which the Moslems traditionally regard as the paradise of Asia, in order to starve and harry the insurgents into submission, makes our own indignation ten years ago, when the Germans left a desert behind them on their retreat from the Somme, seem hypocritical. Twenty villages are said to have been burned and plundered by Circassian and Armenian levies and colonial troops, thousands of valuable trees have been destroyed, and the water supply of the whole irrigation system has been diverted. Such measures will certainly bear no good fruit hereafter.

Apropos of the present difficulties, we are permitted to print the following personal reminiscence of a British major, a veteran in Asiatic service, who was with Allenby in Palestine and Syria in 1918. So far as we know, it has never appeared in print and is perfectly accurate: 'When the Allied forces were approaching Damascus, the British had to come to an understanding with the Lebanon Druses. The leader was an old man, and his stronghold was in the range between Damascus and Beirut, south of Baalbek, from which his people came down to prey on the caravans passing through

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the plains. Our regiment ran across a detachment of Lebanon Druses wandering one night — they were "agin" the Turks, and not hostile to the British, to whom they rendered valuable services. The British said that they would not disturb their business, but wanted to have an agreement with them. All well and good. The British commander went to meet the old warrior at the foot of the Lebanon Range, and the old man asked him to come up, unarmed, to his stronghold in the hills. He went up, and soon learned with his own eyes the wisdom of not trying to drive these people out. He saw that the stronghold could n't be captured short of long and interminable guerrilla warfare. Everything went well — he was even served with British beer which the Druses had got hold of recently from a passing caravan in the plains below. It was, in short, agreed that the Druses should not be molested in their trade, provided no murders were committed. Everything went well, and the British had no trouble at all with the Lebanon Druses. The agreement was verbal, but binding to the end. When the British handed Syria over to the French, the new authorities asked the Druse leader to come down to make a new arrangement. The British made it clear that they were having no trouble whatever with the Lebanon Druses. The French gave the old chieftain a "safe conduct" to Damascus, and promptly murdered him upon arrival. His two sons have to this day carried on a relentless struggle against the French to avenge the betrayal of their father.'

Controlling Thought in Japan

APPARENTLY acting on the assumption that it is possible to make students think in goose step, the Department of Education of Japan announces its intention of 'controlling the thought' of the young people under its charge. In pursuit of this policy a number of students, including some thirty from Kyoto alone, have been thrust into jail for intellectual nonconformity, and have lingered there for six months or more without having specific charges preferred against them. Their fellow students outside of jail have organized a nation-wide association, with a secretary in nearly every secondary school in the country, to raise funds for their assistance and defense. Agents of the Educational Department are also reported to have discovered 'disquieting handbills,' printed in red and 'full of flaming words,' addressed to the students still at liberty. One circular concluded with these words, faintly reminiscent of both 'Tipperary' and 'John Brown': 'It 's a long, long way to Moscow, but we are marching on.'

STRANGLING STUDENT THOUGHT
—*Nippon Oyobi Nipponjin*, Tokyo

We also gather from discreet allusions in the foreign-language press of Japan that older students — those of university age — are permitted occasionally to indulge in free thought, strictly subject to the stipulation that they do not attempt to put their

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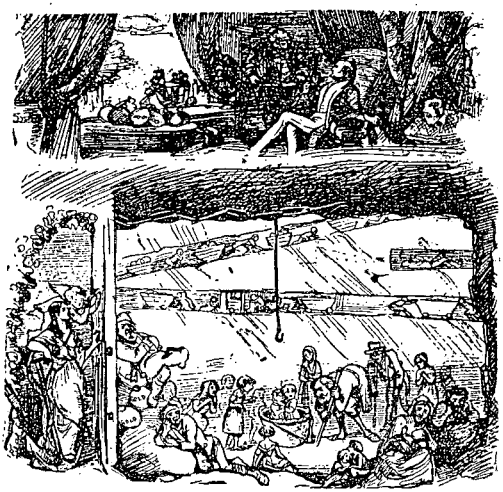
thoughts into practice. Japanese students may, of course, be of a different temper from our own, and less open to the appeal of the romantic and forbidden. But we doubt it. And if we are right, the Educational Department of that country is apparently doing yeoman's labor for the propagation of the doctrines of Karl Marx and Lenin.

Minor Notes

THE Indian press finds fault with the 'spontaneous' gift of two million pounds made by the Federated Malay States to the Singapore Naval Base. The *Servant of India*, a Poona weekly which is ordinarily moderate in its criticism of the British raj, remarks: 'The best comment on this outrageous bleeding of a "tributary" for the good of the Empire is contained in a brief resolution signed by all the nine unofficial municipal councilors of Kuala Lumpor, who "protest strongly against the raising of school fees at a time when the finances of the country are flourishing."' These nine gentlemen included two Britishers, one Eurasian, and three Chinese.

WE doubt if it is generally known that ladies' hats 'from Paris' ultimately come from China. One Frenchman at Ningpo, according to the *China Weekly Review*, 'originates the styles himself,' sending his samples to New York, London, and Paris for instructions. 'In the style centres of the American, British, and French metropolis selections are made, and instructions are sent back to Ningpo.' Here the enterprising little Frenchman, 'who does not weigh more than one hundred and ten pounds,' has fifteen thousand Chinese, mostly women, employed producing — at a daily wage of thirty or forty cents silver, or half that amount in American currency — these costly seeds of domestic discord for America and Europe.

LABOR AND CAPITAL



As *Punch* saw mine-owner and mine-worker in 1843

THE TROUBLES IN PARIS

GERMAN TOURIST. 'Come, Fritz, they are going to hiss the Americans.'
— *L'Écho de Paris*

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THE CRISIS OF BOLSHEVISM [1]

BY THEODOR VON RENTELN

[THE author is one of the best-informed men upon Russian affairs in Germany.]

ALL the world knows how Zinoviev, backed by the workingmen of Petrograd, came out in open opposition to the Moscow authorities early this year, and started a revolt inside the Communist Party which threatened to develop into a civil war. Very little authentic information has reached the public, however, as to what happened subsequently, although there has been a desperate battle behind the scenes, and new currents of opinion have manifested themselves among the Russian people, which are profoundly affecting the situation in that country. It is very difficult to form a clear picture of what has happened from the strictly disciplined and controlled Russian press. One must be intimately familiar with Russia and with recent events there, and must have an exact knowledge of the psychological background of current developments, in order even partially to understand the great transformations that are under way.

During four and a half months the Moscow Government conducted a relentless campaign against Zinoviev and against Petrograd, the stronghold of his supporters. Commission after commission was sent to that city to 'purify' its Communist Party and its trade-unions. More than one hundred and fifty prominent officials there were deprived of their posts. The G. P. U., or Cheka, and the trade-union committees were completely reorganized, and new men were placed in charge of the Communist Party and the Petrograd newspapers. These Draconic measures restored tranquillity on the surface, but they did not touch the root of the present discontent.

What are the real causes of the universal unrest among Russian workers? Uglanov explained them in a recent speech before the Moscow 'Subcommittee.' They 'centre in the rising cost of living, due to inflation, which constantly lowers real wages.' Economic disorganization, which has become a chronic one under Bolshevism, steadily depresses the worker's standard of living, but it does not stop there. The existing financial stringency makes it impossible to pay even his inadequate wages promptly. There are important industrial districts, especially the Urals, the Donetz Basin, Tula, and Petrograd, where many employees have not received their pay since last March. The effect of such a condition on these penniless workers requires no description. Added to all this, during May and June several important establishments were compelled to shut down, or to curtail operations, because the Government could not borrow the money abroad. As a result unemployment increased by leaps and bounds. This situation, bad as it is, has been further aggravated in the minds of the workers by the repeated discovery of gross corruption in the management

[1] From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *July* 28

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of government enterprises. Statistics have been published showing that enormous defalcations have occurred in one out of every four public establishments, to say nothing of smaller peculations. The newspapers report new scandals almost daily, and the public imagines that only a tithe of those which actually occur are brought to light.

These conditions have naturally produced dangerous discontent among the workers. I shall cite only a few of the latest manifestations of this feeling. A violent labor revolt broke out a short time ago in the workers' settlement of Perovo-Kazansk, near Moscow. At Tsaritsyn the employees openly refused to obey the orders of their works managers, and publicly denounced the Communist Party and the Soviet Government in open meetings. The organized workers at Lugansk telegraphed Voroshilov that they would not tolerate existing conditions longer. Similar disturbances have occurred at Moscow, Petrograd, Ivanovo-Voznesensk, Orekhovo-Zuevo, in the Urals, and at several other places.

These protests are not simply impulsive gestures, but they are symptoms of a change in the temper of the laboring classes, the full significance of which we can appreciate only by studying them in connection with a number of other important events which have accompanied them. Russia's workers, in a word, have declared open war on the Soviet Government, and have divided into two camps upon that issue. The older trade-unionists who took part in the war and the Revolution, and include the skilled craftsmen who have survived from the old régime, feel that the Revolution was their work. They consider themselves its apostles, and believe they invented Bolshevism. Their disappointment at the failure of Bolshevism in practice, at the defeat of their hopes, at finding themselves far worse off than they were before the war, has made them turn upon their leaders, whom they accuse of betraying their creed and setting up a new kind of capitalism. They demand the unqualified application of the whole Communist programme. This minority of the working people, together with the sailors in the navy, who have always regarded themselves as the fathers of the Revolution, form the so-called Radical Left Wing and swear by Zinoviev. It is no mere accident, therefore, that this leader receives his strongest support from Petrograd, near the headquarters of the Russian Baltic Fleet, and where flourishing manufactures formerly existed that to-day employ only a fraction of the skilled workers that they did under the Tsar.

Meanwhile the younger, foot-loose workers and the great horde of unskilled laborers have flocked to 'Mother Moscow' or to the provincial towns. These greatly outnumber the old-school Bolsheviki just mentioned, and are reënforced by an enormous mass of unemployed. They now form the Labor Opposition to the Soviet Government on the Right. Workers of this class have never lost touch with their native villages and with the land, and they share the peasant's instinctive hatred for Bolshevism, which bleeds him white in order to finance its ruinous economic ventures. So far no Bolshevik has ventured to put himself at the head of this Conservative Opposition, the way Zinoviev has of the Radicals; because these people repudiate Bolshevism outright. But some of the shrewder men among the nominal Communists are unquestionably in sympathy with the movement, although none of them is willing to burn his fingers by being the first to espouse it — the warning example of Trotskii is still too fresh. Consequently this great, silent, threatening multitude,

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which calls itself nonpartisan because parties are forbidden in Russia, but which nevertheless is a party, is the most dangerous opponent of the Government. It has already gained control of organized labor in every important city and industrial district outside of Petrograd.

Meanwhile the domestic policy of the Government — quite contrary to its foreign policy — is characterized by an utter aimlessness. It exhausts itself in tactical manœuvres designed to keep the two Opposition Wings in check. Revolutionary appeals are no longer effective. They are worn out, and no new slogans can be devised to dazzle the masses and to blind them to the faults and failures of their chosen and unchosen leaders.

Besides the working classes, which have the great advantage of living together in the cities, and therefore can express themselves more effectively, are the peasants, in whose hands the real future of Russia lies. The growing resentment of the town workers at the rising cost of living and their virtual political disenfranchisement are outstanding facts; but we must not forget that Russia has fifty peasants for every wage-earner. Therefore certain striking changes in peasant opinion, which have become more noticeable of late and which have been the subject of violent debate in the Soviet press, are of immense importance in forecasting future development.

History teaches that in the end every revolution fails to put into effect the intellectual theories of its leaders, but that it does release new political and social forces which have long been gathering strength beneath the surface. Every day makes it clearer that the Russian Revolution, in spite of the violent opposition of its doctrinal leaders, is taking this orthodox path. Indeed, the fundamental fact in Russia to-day is the gradual acquisition of power by the peasantry.

A comparison of the condition of the country population six or eight years ago with what it is to-day reveals really astounding progress toward political self-consciousness and self-assertion. At the beginning of the Revolution the peasantry were a colorless mass, unaccustomed to thinking for themselves and unskilled in expressing their will. For a time each village was run autocratically by a soviet consisting exclusively of Communists. Every preference was shown to the landless laborer. To-day the situation is completely reversed. Agricultural production is the backbone of the country's economic strength. In order to encourage cultivation and to make the agricultural wealth of the country available, the Soviet authorities have had to defer to the landowning peasants. These are the masters to-day. Non-Communists form a majority of practically every village soviet. Many of these bodies no longer have a single Communist among their members. That is an extremely important fact, for these village soviets select the members of the larger governing bodies. Thus peasants are steadily filtering into the county and provincial administration, rising from the village soviet to the district or county soviet, then to the department soviet, and from the latter to the soviet which has charge of a 'government,' which is an area corresponding to an American state.

Simultaneously the peasants are becoming extraordinarily self-assertive in every field of endeavor. *Izvestia*, the Moscow official daily, prints striking examples of the difference between peasant meetings a few years ago and those of to-day. Immediately after the Revolution the proceedings of such a gathering would amount practically to this. The chairman, who was invari-

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ably a Communist, would take the floor and announce: 'The subjects on the agenda shall be taken up and voted upon in the order recommended. Are there any Noes? Are there any abstentions? I note none. The meeting unanimously so decides. These are the recommendations of the Central Administration. Does anyone wish to discuss them? No one wishes to do so. I put them to a vote. Unanimously adopted. Has anyone any remarks to make upon the following resolutions? No one wishes to speak. They are adopted.'

The peasant, who had no previous experience with such meetings, and who saw no connection whatsoever between the Communist motions and his personal affairs, simply kept his mouth shut. But he soon learned that Bolshevist resolutions pinched his own flesh; and when he protested, he learned further that he himself had agreed to these measures at the meetings he had attended. Now he has been taught his lesson. *Izvestia* says: 'The peasants have learned to speak out in meeting, and to say what they want emphatically and bluntly. They have learned to think practically. You cannot catch them any longer with fine words and empty phrases. In the old days a meeting would be over in thirty minutes. To-day it lasts several hours. No high-flown resolutions are passed, and nothing is decided offhand. To-day someone is sure to move that a committee of peasants be appointed to thrash a proposal out first and to see what is best before a vote on it is taken.' It is because the peasants have acquired political intelligence that they have become a new power in the Government. One of the most striking proofs of their growing independence and self-assertion is their unprecedented action in Western Siberia, where they have officially demanded the abolition of the Government's monopoly of foreign trade.

Furthermore, the influence of the peasants extends beyond the country and into the cities. The surplus country population keeps its peasant psychology when it moves to town, and there it already exercises a powerful and steadily growing political influence. What has happened recently in the trade-unions proves this. *Izvestia* has been alarmed into sounding this warning, in conventional Communist jargon: 'A rising tide of Fascism is dashing against Bolshevist Moscow from all sides.' This is apropos of the increasing freedom with which heretical opinions are expressed, both in public and in private, throughout the provincial towns and the country districts.

In truth, the growing frequency of such anti-Bolshevist declarations is significant. A flood of correspondence criticizing Communist doctrines pours into the editorial offices of the Bolshevist press. *Izvestia* quotes several extracts from these letters taken at random, among them the following: 'I do not want to serve a single class, even if it is the laboring class. I want to serve the whole nation, which consists not only of workers but also of land-owning peasants, of salaried employees, of independent mechanics and others.' A second writes: 'My vote is worth nothing unless I can freely express my economic, social, and political convictions.' These are direct protests against the dictatorship as it now exists in Russia; and they are significant because they are not isolated voices crying in the wilderness, but the rising roar of a tempest. What the Communists stigmatize as Fascism, therefore, is actually the peasants' demand for freedom of speech and action.

Bolshevist newspapers are frank enough in discussing this subject. They point out that a new and well-defined ideology is outlining itself in the minds

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of the awakened masses. Their convictions and desires have not yet crystallized, to be sure, in precise measures and programmes; they have not yet acquired leaders. But Moscow must act at once, for the moment this discontent does rally to a definite programme, with the whole peasant population behind it, the Communist Government will be doomed. Even the Radicals realize that it is hopeless to fight the peasants. The latter may be unable to assert themselves successfully until they are better organized than they are to-day. That promises to come, however, within the next few years. As soon as they are organized, and have found a leader, we shall see a rapid change in the outer aspect of Russia.

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO[1]

A BRITISH VERSION

On August 1 there began in Mexico a conflict between Church and State about which it seems possible to say at least one thing — that it cannot be closed by any form of compromise settlement. The Roman Catholic Church and the Republic of Mexico have been essentially at war ever since the separation from Spain in 1821. The Constitution of 1857 made the war definite and permanent, by stripping the Church of its enormous extraneous wealth and proscribing the religious orders. Under the Constitution of 1917 — which, with its provisions relating to land and minerals, as well as the anticlerical clauses, is the chief basis of Mexican unrest to-day — the work of expropriation is now being resumed by President Calles. Mexico to-day, therefore, is the spectacular battle-ground upon which the fortunes of Rome in Latin America will be decided, perhaps for all time.

During the first forty years of its independent existence Mexico made no serious effort to end the church system of the Spaniards which the Republic had inherited. Its power was virtually unlimited. Its total property was variously estimated at from one third to one half of the entire resources of the country. The Church owned mines and maintained peonage — which was virtually slavery; it was all-powerful in the schools; and it exercised a vast general influence in the community. That influence was, of necessity, foreign. It was built up by the Spanish hierarchy, which in the eyes of the progressive people in the Republic was a vicious element, working against the establishment of a strong and independent Mexico in Mexican hands. The anticlerical provisions of 1857 were designed to make an end of the Spanish system, and they did in fact inaugurate a new era by the confiscation of the Church's landed and industrial estates. But the Constitution ran ahead of the country's political condition. Fifty years ago Mexico passed under the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, and the long rule of that re-

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *August 7*

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markable man was no less satisfactory to the Catholic hierarchy than it was to the mining concessionaires. The Church gradually returned in strength, restoring its convents, reconstituting its parishes, extending its schools, and, as its opponents contended, invariably throwing its weight on the side of the reactionary forces. The social conditions of Mexico, in the meantime, were unchanged. Illiteracy remained at ninety per cent of the population. The Diaz epoch ended in 1910 and was followed by a decade of revolution, from which emerged the Constitution of 1917. This was carried through by President Carranza, and is now, after nine years, being put into effect, as regards the whole of the church clauses, by President Plutarco Calles, who succeeded General Obregón two years ago.

The Church is attacked in the Carranza Constitution first of all as a foreign body, alien alike in authority and personnel. The important clauses are those which deal with the taking over of the churches as State property, the registration of priests as members of a profession, and the complete secularization of the schools. It is declared that every person is free to embrace the religion of his choice and to practise any ceremonies connected therewith, provided they do not involve offenses against the law. All religious ceremonies must be performed within the regular places of worship. Only a Mexican by birth can be a minister of any creed. The State Legislatures are empowered to fix the number of priests and ministers according to population. Marriage is a civil contract. Monastic orders are made wholly illegal, as involving a formal limitation of the citizen's personal freedom. The federal authority has power to exercise certain defined interferences in matters of worship; but Congress must not enact laws to establish or forbid any religion. No religious periodical is permitted to discuss public affairs or the Government's church policy. Primary instruction in the public schools is declared to be free and secular; and in private schools, which are under full government supervision, it is to be secular. No minister may establish or direct a primary school; priests and nuns may not teach. Ministers are forbidden to form associations for political purposes, and they are subject to imprisonment for six years if found guilty of inciting to 'disavowal of the political institutions or to disobedience of the laws.'

President Calles had been in office only a few months when it became clear that his Government was resolved to undertake the thorough enforcement of the Constitution, and battle was joined in February last, when Pope Pius XI addressed an apostolic letter to the bishops and clergy of the Church in Mexico exhorting them to offer a united Catholic resistance to the Government's policy. The closing of convents and schools and the expulsion of alien priests and nuns had already begun; but it was not until the proclamation, in early July, of a final decree by the President that the struggle entered upon the acute stage. The decree made certain regulations supplementary of the Constitution. The wearing, outside the churches, of any distinctive religious garb was forbidden, and severe penalties were announced for all offenses against the anticlerical laws and regulations.

The character and extent of the 'united Catholic resistance' could easily have been foreseen. The Church called up all its resources of popular appeal, and used them to the utmost. Proclamation was made that on the first of August, when the churches were taken over by the public authorities, the country would be placed by the archbishops under an interdict.

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Processions were organized, vast congregations assembled, and a hundred thousand confirmations held, while in the United States the enormous resources of Catholic propaganda were concentrated upon the White House and the State Department. These demonstrations, more impressive than any of the kind in the Catholic world since the last act of secularization in France twenty years ago, were, of course, ignored by President Calles. To recalcitrant prelates who plead or threaten he replies that the Constitution stands, the law must be obeyed, the policy must run its course, and every agent of the Government must be ready to enforce it without reserve. The Government's action, he explains, does not go beyond 'police measures in enforcement of the Mexican laws,' and he reiterates that the hierarchy and the foreign priesthood have been given an ample series of warnings during the nine years since the Constitution was enacted. The President, it is clear, is what we mean by a thoroughgoing anticlerical statesman, and his defiance of the multiple menaces provoked by the decrees affords sufficient proof of his courage and determination. But he would appear to be speaking the truth when he informs the Church leaders that the enforcement of the Constitution is an inevitable process which would in any case have been carried forward by the present Government. He has, however, done much to sharpen the conflict by rejecting the first overtures for compromise, which were based upon the proposal for one year's truce.

The Church's reply to the President is not confined to the interdict. The clerical leaders are attempting the method of economic boycott, for the twofold purpose of detaching the middle classes from their support of the Government and of breaking the solidarity of organized labor. President Calles has acted upon the assumption that the Mexican Federation of Labor, which claims a membership of one and a half millions and counts as a main support of his Government, is wholly to be depended upon in this struggle with the Church. He had good reason for so thinking; and, as a matter of fact, it was the Federation of Labor which, on the Sunday of the interdict, made the great processional display of loyalty to the Government. It must, however, be obvious that the labor ranks are open to serious attack from the religious side, since a large portion of the membership must be regarded as being more or less under clerical influence. It is a point of some significance that the Catholic propagandists in the United States have realized this and acted upon it, by organizing an aggressive movement within the American Federation of Labor, beginning with the Catholic workmen of Chicago.

The important question for the world, and especially for the United States, is the question whether the war of Church and State in Mexico can be kept within the boundaries of a domestic dispute. The Mexican Government, needless to say, affirms that it can and must be. President Calles announces that Mexico can admit no interference from any foreign Government, and it may be stated with complete assurance that on this point, at least, the President of the United States is in perfect agreement with him. Mr. Coolidge occupies in regard to Mexico a position of extraordinary difficulty. He is the third president in succession who has found it necessary to resist the closely organized agencies, industrial and other, which are working incessantly throughout the United States toward war with Mexico. Not many months ago the present Secretary of State in Washington succeeded in making an agreement with the Calles Government

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which removed a number of the causes of friction, but it so happened that the war-makers were becoming active again just as the Church dispute flared up. Many of them, it is evident, look upon the present situation as a godsend for their cause. They persuade themselves that the groans of a persecuted Church and the cries of exiled nuns can be exploited, in Protestant America, on behalf of their crusade, which is directed toward the mineral riches of Mexico. But this persuasion of theirs means horrible perplexity for President Coolidge, who is under bombardment from every side. The Catholics of the United States number between eighteen and twenty millions. Their organizations are wealthy and powerful. They include certain large bodies of voters — one of them, indeed, surpassing all other sections of the American community in political effectiveness — which cannot be ignored by any American politician or by the President. These at the moment are demanding, with one voice, that the Washington Government should dispatch a ringing remonstrance to the President of Mexico upon his impious policy against the Church. Mr. Coolidge is the elected head of a nation which contains five or six Protestants to every Catholic. He presides over a Government which embodies in its entirety the doctrine of the secular State. Accordingly, it may be thought, the strictest neutrality in respect of Mexico is imposed upon him — even if we set aside the militant Protestant societies, the great force of old-fashioned anti-Romanism prevailing in the Southern and Western States, and that grotesque terrorism which is the monopoly of the Ku Klux Klan. President Coolidge, we must assume, will continue to sit tight, steadily refusing to be drawn into the vortex of ecclesiastical war. But it cannot be denied that the problem created for him by the Church in Mexico is immeasurably more difficult than any with which he has so far been called upon to grapple

FELIX DZERZHINSKII [1]

BY VALENTIN SPERANSKII

[THE death of Felix Dzerzhinskii, the father of the Russian Cheka, and perhaps the most fanatical of Lenin's disciples, has called forth in the European press many character studies of this strange personage. None, we believe, is more illuminating than the brief account that follows of what we should call in America his high-school years.]

[1] From *Dni* (Paris Conservative-Socialist daily), *August* 1

FIVE years ago, when I chanced to see Felix Dzerzhinskii pass close by, I at once recognized my old schoolmate in the uncanny man with glassy eyes, sunken cheeks, darkish, waxen forehead, and Mephisto beard.

Although exactly my own age, Felix was one grade behind me at the Vilna gymnasium. I can clearly picture him even now as a twelve-year-old boy, as lively as quicksilver, and

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almost epileptically nervous. His pale, anæmic face was at times convulsed by a grimace, and a satanic sparkle often glittered in his light-green eyes. His shrill voice quivered with emotion. An irrepressible lad, Felix was constantly dashing through the corridors like a hurricane, noisy, mischievous, impertinent. But even then one was conscious of a broken chord in the gamut of this adolescent youth who possessed none of the genuine childish love and joy of life.

Cazimir Dzerzhinskii, Felix's elder brother, was my classmate. He was a very kindly, sympathetic boy, who behaved well in school, and always secured reasonably good marks in spite of his desperate stammering. He told me many interesting things about Felix, who, it seems, was a spoiled child at home, whose mischief and disobedience were always overlooked.

The Dzerzhinskii family belonged to the Polish nationalist nobility, and lived in some remote provincial corner. They must have been quite well off, to judge by the fact that the several sons who attended school in Vilna were all placed in the more expensive boarding houses. The Dzerzhinskii brothers never suffered proletarian privations in their early years. They were young, well-groomed noblemen, by no means spendthrifts, but utterly unfamiliar with the poverty of the poorest boys in our school, some of whom were once tempted by hunger to steal coins from the alms box in the Roman Catholic chapel of the Ostrobrama Mother of God. The boys were grievously underfed in the public-school pension, and were caught in the act of slipping a glue-covered stick into the slot of the box. This was not only theft, but sacrilege, and Vilna public opinion was thoroughly aroused. Felix Dzerzhinskii confidently predicted, however, that the young criminals would be acquitted, and that the school authorities would be horribly disgraced.

'Never mind, never mind,' he repeated with jerky movements of his hands. 'They'll get nothing at all, and come out of the water dry. And the old ape' — he meant the school superintendent — 'will get a good shake-up in St. Petersburg if it comes out during the trial that he sold rotten potatoes from his farms to the school pension, with the consent of its manager. Grand mix-up! Magnificent scandal!'

He proved a true prophet. A few months later the Vilna Courthouse was crowded with people eager to listen to the sensational trial of the luckless young students. We, who were their schoolmates, were consumed with curiosity; but no pupils except the defendants were admitted. We learned from the newspaper next morning, however, that the attorney for the defense, after having the members of the school's faculty removed from the jury, had made a vigorous, convincing plea, and had succeeded in getting the youthful offenders acquitted. Felix Dzerzhinskii danced up and down triumphantly with a number of the *Vilna Messenger* in his hand, and explained to the crowd of lower-grade pupils: —

'It's all right sometimes to take what you need — only you must n't get caught. These simpletons were thoroughbred fools, they were — even if they did sail through the trial as smoothly as a drowned man. Our Frenchman is perfectly right when he tells us that we may copy our examination papers as long as we don't get caught. These sorry swindlers ought to have placed a lookout outside the chapel so that the beadle could n't surprise them. Then, too, they might have offered him a tip at the right moment. However, all 's well that ends well.

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They'll be cleverer next time; and they won't bother with petty business like fishing coppers out of alms boxes — they'll find something that will pay better. . . .'

At that time I thought Felix Dzerzhinskii was simply joking. I well remember how a tall, blonde pupil of the graduating class listened to this outburst with a smile of good-natured contempt. It was Sverubovich — now the famous Moscow Art Theatre artist Kachalov. Looking down at the small, writhing Dzerzhinskii, he waited patiently to the end, and then, catching the breathless lad's eyes, shook his head reproachfully. I confess with shame that I only laughed at Felix's wild talk.

Neither did I reflect much at the time upon another incident of our schooldays. One day Felix asked me hurriedly in the corridor: —

'Speranskii, have you passed your algebra examination?'

'I think so.'

'If you're not sure, I can steal your paper from Rodkevich' (the teacher of mathematics in whose house Dzerzhinskii lived) 'and let you correct it from the textbook. Or, better still, you write it out anew, guaranteed correct, and I'll sneak into his study sometime when the lady is out and substitute it for the paper you wrote in class.'

'But, Dzerzhinskii — what are you talking about? Could you — ' I protested.

'What are you afraid of? I'm doing you a favor. But then, if you don't want to, you don't have to do it — keep your innocence.'

Hatred for Russia began to embitter young Dzerzhinskii's heart from his early youth. Even as a boy, I could not help observing with anxious amazement his growing cynicism and hostility to all established authority. To be sure, this attitude was not altogether without justification. The laws relating to public education in our border provinces were about as bad as they could be. Sergievskii, who had been district superintendent of public instruction for twenty-nine years, was a creature of the detestable Minister of Education Tolstoi, and relentlessly enforced his clerical and reactionary regulations. Poles and Jews were tolerated in schools only on sufferance. Since the Polish insurrection of 1864 a persistent policy of obliterating whatever related to that nationality had been followed. We were constantly spied upon and repressed in every way. The artist Kachalov, whom I have just mentioned, said to me long afterward that although as a Russian he belonged to the dominant nationality, and was a member of the privileged Orthodox Church, he shuddered at the memory of the years he spent at the Vilna gymnasium.

We were compelled to attend every one of the long Orthodox Church services in celebration of the so-called 'Tsar's holidays' — that is, birthdays and saints' days of the Tsar and the principal members of his family. At least Protestants and Roman Catholics had to be present, although Jews and Mohammedans were allowed to remain away. I recall particularly one such service. Our choir sang beautifully; our priest, who was a gifted pulpit orator, officiated; but nothing in the magnificent Russian cathedral engaged the attention of Felix Dzerzhinskii, who stood directly in front of me and fidgeted from the beginning of the service. Finally he whispered to me with great nervousness: —

'The devil! This new uniform pinches me under the arms, my necktie creeps up, my feet are numb — how soon can we go home?'

I answered him rather irreverently:

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'Pray to God that the services may be over quickly.'

'What language must I use if I want to speak to your God? You know, in our own churches you do not permit even prayer books in Polish!' he said with a satanic sneer.

I knew nothing of the prohibition of Polish prayer books, and the cruel humiliation that this must be for my companion. So I felt quite embarrassed. All I could say was: —

'Keep quiet and don't talk. The inspector might see us.'

'I will. I will stand still and not talk. For a while! For a while!' he concluded in a threatening tone.

Little did I imagine then that this youth with a nightmare soul was fated to inflict the horrors of the Inquisition upon the guiltless Russian people, who were doomed to expiate with their own blood and suffering every one of the old Government's suicidal mistakes.

A JOURNEY IN ABYSSINIA. I[1]

BY JEAN D'ESME

Our steamer drops anchor in front of a low line of coast. As we gaze shoreward the details of the scene define themselves in the brightening dawn. A jetty stretches toward us across the surface of the water. Behind it a cluster of trees forms a dark spot in the monotony of the plain. Beyond, white houses dot the background. Nothing else is visible for thirty leagues, except far away toward the west, where the eye catches a bluish rectangle — the gardens of Ambouli. Sand, whitewashed walls, a glare of morning sunlight from a hot, cloudless sky — that is Jibuti, the capital of French Somaliland, and the only port of access to the Ethiopian Empire.

A strange city it is — a victory over sand, sea, aridity, climate, and hostile natives. Little by little its broad avenues, trim plazas, tennis courts, cafés, shops, automobiles, telephones, railway, and modern harbor have been created virtually out of nothing. For years France's effort to form a settlement here was the joke of the boulevards. Recall that famous story of the green-painted zinc palm trees that the Jibuti colonists were said to have erected in order to have at least a semblance of shade and verdure in their desolate desert hole.

At the wharf we engage an extraordinary survival of a victoria, with zigzag wheels, patched with pieces of barrel hoops, and drawn by a spectre of a horse in a harness half leather and half rope. This rickety and delapidated vehicle conveys us to Menelik Square, which is surrounded by shops and arcades where yawning merchants stand in the doorways inviting those who pass to enter. Several of our fellow passengers already sit at the tables in front of the cafés, besieged by peddlers. These hucksters are real ambulatory bazaars, ready to sell you anything, and a veri-

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *July* 27, *August* 1, *August* 3

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table pest. They are utterly callous to rebuffs, and harass the stranger until he finally buys something from them in order to be rid of their importunity.

In the harbor vessels are unloading, loading, and taking on coal, amid a din of shouts and songs and chanteys. Little Somali boys are diving for small coins. Broad-beamed, lethargic lighters crawl lazily across the water, and busy little launches skim hither and thither, carrying passengers and luggage between the wharf and the steamer. At the other end of the town a train is disgorging upon a railway platform, clamorous with freight-handlers, the wealth of the vast Ethiopian Empire whose lofty mountains loom dimly in the western horizon.

This noise and confusion and activity are confined to the European city, which perspires and labors regardless of the fierce tropical sun. But farther on lie two other towns, drowsy and silent, the Arab and the Somali quarters. Jibuti, in fact, consists of three cities, which live side by side without mingling, hold each other at a distance, and secretly despise each other. Just west of the European quarter is the Arab town, equally white, consisting of squat, square houses, cafés, and shops, whose open doors afford a view of their obscure and cool interiors. Leaving Menelik Square, which is broad, spacious, and modern, one plunges immediately into a gridiron of straight, narrow streets, at right angles to each other, whose borders are cluttered with an infinity of objects that make them still narrower and almost completely block the way. Arabs sit apathetically around rickety tables, pass the mouthpieces of their nargiles from lip to lip, sip slowly their thick syrupy Turkish coffee, and watch life flow by. Still farther on toward the west is the Somali quarter, which occupies a wide sandy plain. It consists of clusters of round huts of every conceivable material, so low that the tennants must creep on their hands and knees to enter. Some are built of bent branches covered with rags; others are odd contrivances of boards ripped from old packing cases, eked out with pieces of tin from kerosene cans, scraps of tarred paper, and old jute bagging, and precariously held together by nails, cords, and old barrel hoops. Among these hovels recline grumbling, yawning camels awkwardly taking their ease, while buzzards and vultures wrangle over a bit of carrion under the very feet of the naked, potbellied children. At the sight of a tourist the latter raise a shout and scamper toward us across the sand to beg baksheesh. Nowhere else in the world have I seen such importunate little beggars. They pursued us during our whole stay at Jibuti, even after we were aboard the train and pulling out of the station.

A beautiful dawn, limpid and pink, was just breaking when we started for Ethiopia. Each of the three days of our railway journey we departed at sunrise and reached at sunset the stopping place where we were to spend the night. After leaving Jibuti in the fresh morning air the heat increased rapidly. Our locomotive jerked, strained, and whistled as it laboriously dragged us across the desert. Nothing was visible outside but interminable stretches of sand dotted with pebbles, and clouds of fine dust which rose in whirlwinds and penetrated every corner of our compartment. Our luggage, our clothing, our faces, were soon covered with a thick layer of this reddish, impalpable powder. As far as the vision reached the sand stretched flat and featureless, without a wrinkle, without a tree, without a shadow. At rare intervals we passed a string of camels pacing deliberately along, and guided by a Somali with a sword in his

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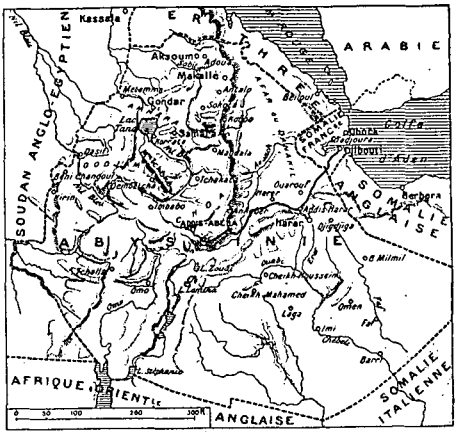
belt, a lance in his hand, and his bare head and torso exposed unprotected to the blaze of the pitiless sun. On the horizon hovered ethereal visions of cool water, bordered by shadowy groves — fugitive mirages that receded as we approached, but continued as far as Dire-Daoua, the first station in Abyssinian territory. Here we halted after twelve hours of continuous travel, our throats parched, our eyes inflamed, our mouths filled with sand and dust. The tiny town, with its neat streets bordered by cottages embowered in foliage, smiled at us coquettishly over its bright flower beds and under bougainvillea arbors. At the hotel, where the dinner tables were set under a grove of orange and lemon trees, we found large, airy chambers with circular verandahs and bathrooms, which seemed the height of luxury. The Abyssinian Customhouse and the railway repair shops are situated here, making it the most important division point along the three hundred and sixty miles of line between Jibuti and Addis Abeba.

No observable change occurred in the landscape until the third and final day of our trip, when the flat sandy plain gradually made way for yellow, barren hills and flat-bottomed valleys dotted with spiny acacias. After these came ancient lava flows, and lofty mountains appeared on the horizon. Soon the first signs of cultivation were visible along the line, and here and there we passed an Abyssinian village. At length, after leaving Modjo, the last dining station, where we were served a Greco-Ethiopian menu that I imagine is the worst in the world, pastures and ploughed fields alternated in quick succession, and the land was green and pleasant from this point to the capital. Villages of round, brownish huts, dominated by the cupolas and huge crosses of their Orthodox churches, now clung at frequent intervals to the hillsides.

About 6 P M., on the thirty-seventh hour of railway travel since leaving Jibuti, and when the declining sun was already shooting his farewell shafts into the green valley below us, we discerned



L'Abyssinie entre le Soudan anglais, les Somalie et l'Erythrée italienne.
Au mot Abyssinie est de plus en plus substitué, diplomatiquement, le nom d'Ethiopie.

two pale splashes at the foot of a mountain ahead, and several white specks scattered over the ridges beyond. It was the capital of Ethiopia, the city founded at the caprice of Menelik, who selected this site to spend the last years of his wandering life as a conqueror, and named it Addis Abeba — 'The New Flower.' We found the air here delightfully cool, clear, and refreshing, for we had ascended twelve thousand feet since we left the sea.

An automobile carrying the colors of Ethiopia, which the Regent had sent for us, was caught in a blockade of camels and donkeys as we were leaving the station. Our klaxon bleated, camels bellowed, muleteers swore and shouted, and altogether we managed to create an infernal din. I thought the incident symbolical of the glaring contrasts between the East and the West that I saw on every side. There is no intermediate link between the railway and the pack train. A long string of heavily

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laden dromedaries stalked leisurely down the street side by side with a huge auto truck. An Abyssinian nobleman, leaning back in his limousine, saluted a half-veiled lady trotting by on mule-back and escorted by armed servants. Road laborers interrupted the rythmic swing of the beetle with which they were pounding down macadam, to let a modern steam roller pass. Next to the hotel, with its electric lights, its telephones, and its running hot and cold water, stood a group of humble Abyssinian huts.

This curious amalgam of the primitive and the modern gives Addis Abeba a unique and original aspect. Isolated from the world by a broad zone of desert and lofty mountain ramparts, with no access to the sea, Abyssinia for many years withdrew into herself, intent only on stubbornly defending her unity and independence. Her warrior peoples valiantly defeated the efforts of the Great Powers to penetrate and annex the country. Her rulers were doubtless prudent in adopting this policy of isolation, unless they have clung to it too long. For in the modern world isolation spells destruction. Realizing this danger, however, the nation has now decided to open its doors to Western civilization, to become progressive, to transform itself. But that cannot be done in a day; it is a slow, patient, toilsome process. Hence these contrasts, which at the moment make Addis Abeba one of the most interesting spectacles in the world.

The town is built on a ridge, and its buildings are set at haphazard. It has no definite boundaries, and its ravine-cut contours make its actual extent difficult to estimate. On a hill somewhat apart from the rest of the city is the *guebi*, or Imperial quarter — a compact group of structures extending to a high point overlooking the race course, the polo ground, and the Legation quarter. Below it are the buildings of our diplomats, hidden in extensive parks shaded by eucalyptus trees, and gay with roses, poppies, climbing plants, and stretches of emerald lawn. In these calm, peaceful, silent retreats international diplomacy can reflect at leisure.

In contrast, the streets of the business centre, where the European shops, the government offices, the market, and the large hotels are situated, are thronged from morning to night with a picturesque and noisy crowd of all garbs, colors, and complexions. Narrow, precipitous side-streets, intersecting at right angles the broad avenue where Armenians, Greeks, and Arabs display their merchandise, disgorge a clamorous, gesticulating, disorderly, white-clad crowd representing all the races of the vast Empire, gathered here from Shoa, Gojam, Tigré, the Somali deserts, and the Galla provinces. Each is busy making purchases, passing from the tailors' and cloth-makers' street to the street of swords and bucklers, or from the street of multicolored bridles to that of straw umbrellas and notions. The police, wearing khaki uniforms and flat caps banded with the Ethiopian tricolor, stand at the corners with rifles slung across their shoulders, watching the moving throng. Now and then a motor car picks its way skillfully through the traffic.

Suddenly a high lord appears, rousing the policeman from his peaceful reverie and sending a little thrill of agitation through the crowd. He comes down the street at a trot on a richly caparisoned mule, one hand on the pommel of his saddle, the other on the shoulder of the favorite riding at his side. Outrunners open a passage for him, and retainers bearing his parade shield, his sword, and his rifle follow. Altogether some fifty armed men form his escort. He wears a large felt bonnet on his head, a white gown covered by a

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black cape whose pointed hood dangles over his left shoulder, and tall lacquered boots; and he smiles condescendingly as he passes, bending over occasionally to make a remark to his companion. The mule trots on gently, the men at arms run, and in a moment the noisy procession has passed, a picture out of the feudal ages.

Outdoor law courts add still another unique feature to street life in Addis Abeba. These hold their sessions in the market place, under the wall of a church, in front of a shop, under a tree, or on an empty cart. The parties plead their cases seated, lying down, on horseback, or afoot. The judges go about their ordinary occupations with attorneys pleading at their elbows. Anybody almost can act as judge. Some bystander is asked for his assistance, and takes his place casually among the jurors. The parties, seconded by their bailsmen, speak in turn. One can hardly tell whether they are defendants or plaintiffs. Such trials are a popular outdoor sport. The speakers plead their cause with a vehemence grotesque to a European — jumping around, stamping their feet, shouting, gyrating, calling in turn upon all the princes of Abyssinia, even the spirit of Menelik himself, to vouch for the truth of what they say, and swinging their arms in the air with clenched fists, except for the index finger, which they point fiercely at the judge.

Little children from the time they can stammer their first words imitate the leaps and cries and gestures of these pleaders, under the amused and approving eyes of their parents. The contagion even catches European children. One day I watched unobserved a game of this sort in a corner of our legation yard. A little lad, having run through all the conventional arguments and gestures of the profession to convince the judge, — his five-year-old sister, — wound up by pointing toward her a menacing hand, and, throwing back over his shoulder his imaginary *chamma*, or Abyssinian robe, swore in the Ethiopian manner, '*Ministre-imout*' — 'By the death of the Minister.' The 'minister' was the Minister of Finance, his father.

After the day of noisy street life is over for the hundred thousand busy, bargaining, disputing inhabitants of Addis Abeba, evening comes, shedding its mauve tints through the pale smoke from thousands of native huts across the still, blue eucalyptus groves. The silence that follows is impressive by contrast. The streets, emptied as by magic, become dark and voiceless; for no one is allowed abroad after sundown without a pass from the municipal authorities. The only exceptions are Europeans and the servants who accompany them.

At 11 P. M. I hear the sound of passing riders, and dimly discern descending the roughly paved street, under the swaying shadows of the eucalyptus trees, six mules carrying three men and three women, and preceded by two boys, each of whom bears a lantern that casts a dim circle of light on the ground around his feet. They are guests returning home from some late dinner party. At the same time I hear in the distance, from beyond the railway station, the laugh of a hyena, answered by a chorus of baying dogs.

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THE GERMAN SIDE OF JAZZ[1]

BY PAUL BERNHARD

STUDENTS of the times are all much excited about the sudden break in the fence which has been set up between European music and the vulgar public. The culprits, it has been proved, are bold sailors, the instigators and instruments of all kinds of uprisings and revolutions. Their chief activity is poking their noses into shady American waterfront saloons, where they fritter their time away in immoral occupations.

Just as in the time of Louis XIV, when the European arts of sculpture, architecture, painting, and literature were suddenly refreshed by Oriental discoveries and broke out in Chinese rococo, and just as the recently discovered art of Africa and the South Sea Islands opened up new fields to men like Gaugin, so do we now stand in a new relation to musical ideas. For the first time in the history of Western music we are being subjected to an influx of non-European elements. The general widening of all human interests brought about during the last war, and the common economic struggle since, extends to European music — the racial expression of our culture.

This is inevitable. The kindly muse has deserted church and cathedral, and the romantic balconies of knights and troubadours. From the homely folk song's fruitful soil, this music developed in the palaces of an artistically sophisticated aristocracy. Haydn wrote for it, and Mozart's charming orchestral music was composed for a select public. But the Revolution has opened a breach between music and the social aristocracy. Our spiritual attitude has changed from the ground up. Hitherto each man had to apply himself zealously to climbing up one more rung of the social ladder. Nowadays there is less prejudice, and for the first time in history the people are allowed to listen.

Beethoven reached the popular audience; it was sophisticated enough to understand his symphonies. But music is now played before still larger assemblages, to which everyone has access. The orchestra adapts itself to the dimensions of the hall, and the number of listeners grows apace. The light rests of the gavotte and minuet have disappeared. Rhythm and time remain. The scherzo, derived from the minuet or the slow waltz, persists in a new style that appeals to the people.

All boundaries are wiped aside. Tendencies that go down to the very basis of our social structure have for the last fifty years been on the decline. Iron necessity splits musicians into little groups. The audience constructs its own conceptions, and the composition is addressed to it alone. A tiny fraction of Europe is still the heir, the echo, and the incentive of musical production. But the ordinary people, with their new supply of ideas, are very backward and incompetent. Their ego is incapable of grasping the challenge of common enterprise that only the writers of their music can understand.

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *June* 10

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In Germany, beer-garden music is a factor in our culture. In an atmosphere of steins, hot-dogs, and sauerkraut, the ability to appreciate it is being developed. The director of a military band steers his artistic course in constant danger of running aground. His programme is made to include numerous elements, ranging from *Parsifal* to military marches. The latter are naturally reminiscent of 1870, and in their performance the kettledrum makes a continuous noise like the shooting of guns. Part of the band must, in the interest of realism, sing or whistle at intervals.

We also have singing clubs, and even merry-go-round music, whose rhythm is formally set. True folk music is heard only in the mountains, where clog dances and little ditties take their traditional place in the spiritual life of the people. Long ago these forms congealed too solidly for any national music to spring out of them.

Jazz has adapted itself to the different countries that have taken it up, which have behaved as they always do during and after a war. They are now all simplifying matters by taking the same direction. The old rhythms are dead so far as everyday use is concerned. A single rhythm, simpler and more fluent, exists; and it is understood by all men, from the most primitive to the most highly civilized. It has a quick march time. Not only are gavottes and minuets historical, but polkas and waltzes are becoming so too. The national tunes of Italy, Spain, Scotland, Bavaria, and Hungary are disappearing. Subsidized by foreign tourists, they eke out a brief life in the hearts of the older generation. European youth knows only the rhythm of the modern dance — a combination of walking and dancing.

In the years of the war and the Revolution, when there were no musical concerts, no beer or restaurants, the beer gardens disappeared one after the other. Our new aristocracy of young workers, who had money to spend on pleasure, passed their leisure in cafés, cabarets, and bars. There the piano player held sway in a so-called Paris setting, with first and second violins, cello, and flute. The programme of this little orchestra, which naturally availed itself of national airs, had no connection with the old-fashioned styles.

In our larger towns the tendency will soon be toward a compromise, introduced by clever business managers, in the form of an American variation of piano technique known as the jazz band. Through it Germany will understand the character of the new popular dances in their full vehemence. There are scores of new compositions somewhere in the West being played in their original style and setting, and all the restaurant and café orchestras are picking up refrains from them. The well-remembered dance craze has found a new stimulus and breaks out in a regular epidemic.

The jazz band is an orgiastic dance orchestra such as Europe has never before seen. It is the instrumental and rhythmical expression for bestial instincts in all their primitive force. Originating among American Negroes, and taken up by sailors and the mass of the people, the jazz band as we know it to-day has developed along Anglo-Saxon lines into an art somewhat similar to chamber music — an art in which naïve but stupefying instrumental qualities are violently brought into play. Since its first appearance in Germany during the Revolution, it has enormously improved, and into the outburst of anarchy that followed the war the jazz band has step by step brought reconciliations. When we lived on rations

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of margarine and smuggled supplies from neighboring States, it occupied the whole picture, and spiced our evenings with dance and song.

Cowbells, children's trumpets, and automobile horns were the fare that the returned warrior and his lady of the evening demanded. The noise specialist unexpectedly cranked his klaxon and unleashed a continual clatter, or our ears were greeted with rhythmical hammer-beats from a single iron bar. The originators of such novelties were at once accorded special favors by the management. With the progressing tendency toward city life, when crowded conditions forced us to set up housekeeping in public buildings where the temperature was sometimes below freezing, or even when we were forced to sleep out of doors, we had to confine ourselves to the so-called spiritual weapons in order to make life bearable, and the jazz band became a stimulating influence. People were apt to insist that the bass drummer, during his realistic reproduction of pantry noises, should at least stand on his head now and then, and that the snare drummer, as a true artist, should throw his sticks in the air, hit his bass kettledrum with his foot and his triangle with his head or hip, and ring a bunch of cowbells, all within a hundredth of a second, while he still kept up a continual roll with his drumsticks.

As the technique grew more complicated and the dictates of society more exigent, the jazz acrobats appeared in dress clothes. They abandoned their elementary din. Their repertory became quieter, and appropriate music was provided for refined people at a reasonable price.

The present make-up of the jazz band consists of a piano as the cornerstone, a violin, a banjo, — especially a five-stringed banjo, or sometimes a banjo mandolin, — a high-E saxophone, a C or B saxophone to carry the melody, a bull fiddle, and a drum. The secondary instruments may also include a cornet, bassoon, cello, Japanese or lotus flute (Suwanee whistle), and a flexatone. The lotus flute is a long wooden tube, which is made to run through the scale by varying the air space with a plunger running the length of the instrument. It has somewhat the same tone as our flute, and is also made in a similar shape. The flexatone — or tone swinger — is a kind of metal castanet. When shaken it brings two clappers in contact with a tongue of metal. It sounds like a loud electric bell, but the pitch can be varied. One of the most famous jazz bands has a singing saw — a toothed sword of steel which is either hit with a hammer or plucked, and sings with a peculiar ghostly majesty.

The piano is the true leader, but the score and effects are entirely different from what we are accustomed to. It is degraded to the rôle of a motor, an automatic piano, a London hurdy-gurdy. The left hand plays the part of a percussion instrument, a sort of deeper drum, while the right hand executes wild runs like a mechanical piano, providing a tone background and leaving the melody to the violins or the saxophone. The heavily impressed accompaniment, with its unshaken mechanical rhythm, is typical of this kind of music. It follows that the noise of the tune-carrying instruments should be extremely thin, so that the melody may make itself heard through all variations. This is the part the violin plays in its runs and trills, or in its countermelody when the saxophone takes the lead. The greatest possible contrast in tone is always sought for, together with increasing movement.

The banjo works on an entirely

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independent scheme. This long keyboard attached to a drum gives forth a hard metallic throb when plucked. Its harmonizing functions are to provide a mezzo-soprano accompaniment and to fill in for the second violin and viola. But what one gets from hearing the banjo in the jazz band is anything but varied. Its noise blends into a single din along with the beating of the snare drum, and its enervating sharpness and monotony produce purely rhythmical effects.

The jazz band received its un-European, grotesque, and noisy character through the introduction of the saxophone. This was invented by a Parisian manufacturer named Sax about 1840, and is named after him. It is unlike the classical metal wind instruments employed in big orchestras, being more like the wood wind. It has a reed mouthpiece, and its horn is like that of the clarinet, though its tone has a peculiar nasal quality. The competent jazz saxophonist brings to bear a comical technique — a nasal art, a dissatisfied, abusive, wailing speech, which the composer occasionally allows to carry a solo part.

Weighty and important is the development of the drum. It requires an especially experienced, even refined and tasteful, specialist. He is the man of surprises, the evoker of changes and jokes. No laws are set on his improvised fantasies. He represents the musical *prima causa*, sitting, rhythm in hand, beyond the boundaries of noise and tone. He beats his instrument as if he were killing the grandfather of all his enemies. He is the god of thunder and storm. He summons the dead from their graves and leads their skeletons a clanking dance. He sets ghostlike birds swirling in the air with shrill cries and whistling, flapping wings. He rings deep underground bells, and is a friend of blacksmiths, an old hand on the threshing floor, and knows the song of the motor. But he can also reproduce the twittering of tiny birds, the cooing of doves, and suddenly we see deep-green almond trees under the azure dome of heaven and listen to the lowing of herds. What is his musical equipment? The bass drum, with its cymbal on top and Tyrolese cowbell beside it. Next to the drum, two differently pitched tambourines, like kettledrums without any bells. To the left a wooden, four-cornered tom-tom, or Indian drum, either flat or composed of two tubes bound together. To the right of these is a little chime. At his feet is a pedal with which he sets in motion a drumstick and a cymbal-beating apparatus. There is also a flat snare drum and a singing saw. All about him lie castanets, rattles, tone-swingers, and such things.

As the ever-moving, magical figure of the bartender, all-knowing and sovereign, uncorks this bottle and that, shakes a drop here and a drop there, crushes, grates, squeezes, and mixes everything into the drink that he is preparing, so sits the stoically moving drummer among his acoustical ingredients and seasons the musical brew with kettledrum, thunder, screams, bells, rattles, cymbals, whistling, singing, clapping, drumming, beating, scratching, rumbling, scraping, and smashing.

Only a few words about the composition. The best melodies are built on two motives, one high, the other low. But whatever is sunk or beaten into this musical mess comes out admirably. It is full of all kinds of devilish syncopation, rhythm-veiling, and stops. No tone or figure, however inharmonious, is avoided. A glistening mantle of the wildest colors is thrown over methods that are hopelessly banal and a technique and rhythm

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that are purely mechanical. One feels the orgiastic emotions of primitive slaves breaking through. Music? Certainly, though perhaps no more music than the Punch and Judy show is theatre. Was not *Faust* born from such a background? May not these pieces be produced even now in Krakow, Lemburg, or Berlin, with English titles to boot? They do not last long, but they represent the best-known European popular music. They have done away with national boundaries, and announce a common driving-force of the same living civilization. As English clothes for men once influenced all popular dress, so in another historical moment a similar manifestation of popular psychology is showing itself.

The psychological side of the problem is best illustrated in a study of the decay of gypsy music, so similar externally to the jazz band. The true gypsy band, with cymbals, tambourines, and gypsy clarinets, is to be found only in large inland country estates. Many an aristocratic generation heard its music. The players were not slaves, but the rich man's palace was the spot where their art originated. If the player were sick, he remained at his post with his instrument and knowledge. The little troupe hung on as the last survival of a private orchestra. Heredity and tradition, convention and prejudice, made it the inheritor and guardian of a universal music. These men can neither read nor write; they have no system of notation; but they master their instruments as poachers know their preserves, and they alone of all musicians in the world can take any melody they have heard even once, harmonize it, instrumentalize it, include it in their repertory, and never forget it.

Yet for all this artistic appearance, their music lacks the harmony essential to our epoch. In spite of the extraordinary ability of these naïve masters, they lack initiative. They fall short of artistic freedom. As long as the gypsy players perform for neighboring gentlemen and tenants, their work remains as fettered as the course of a thoroughbred by the curb of its rider. These little groups always receive their impulses from without. Their ears are always turned in that direction, and are continually alert to the influences around them. The tempo and passion of gypsy music does not spring from their own restricted musical knowledge. Courtly tradition, the position and age of the dancers, and the occasion of the feast, go to make up the form and substance of their playing. Often the master of the house runs around behind the man at the cymbals and directs the evolution of the dance from the background. Thus the confined creatures are still disciplined, and their artistic existence would be impossible if their homelike ways and rhythms were not so deeply in their peasant blood, and if the character of their music were not of just such a nature that their playing has a personal and appropriate quality. With the soul knowledge of the poor, they tickle the fancy of the aristocrat, improvising well-remembered passages in the hope of a good financial reward.

The inexorable critic cannot but regard the passing of such a perfect and complete artistic technique. Here stands a real flower of human culture. Being music of the eighteenth century, it is in a state of decay and must die. We have progressed beyond it, half glad, half sorry. As we no longer see beautiful horses in public parks, but insignificant, impersonal automobiles, so have we left behind the individual atmosphere of music, which was developed to perfection by gypsy orchestras. The new music of democracy

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swings into another sphere. Here there are no more masters or servants, no subjects and no objects, for the tones to express. The new musicians don't care a hang whether their hearers and dancers are barons or bartenders, marquises or masseurs, but they accept them on sight on the strength of appearance and general bearing. Their rhythm rolls over their heads with a crash. The piston strokes of the machine-men work inexorably. Is there a soul here? There is something human, anyway. The musical epoch expresses itself in sound. The forest primeval is now a mere childhood memory dragged across marshes, hauled to and fro over battlefields. Now it is lost in the complicated tempo of asphalt streets. History goes forward. Here is life, bitter and unpleasant. Are we men with feelings? We do not show them. Soul-stirrings? We twist our lips into a grimace. Pathos? We are worth what we are. Love? Yes, as a feast of spiritual fulfillment. Shall we be drowned in it? No, we are not poets; we must work. But we are apostles and very wise. Our speech is the speech of fools, but not the aristocratic speech of Shakespeare's fools. The world is no theatre; it is a circus. Only the clown can speak the truth unrebuked.

It is clear from such comparisons that gypsy and jazz are two opposite poles of musical expression. In analyzing each we find in the older form an overemphasis on feelings, and nowadays an overemphasis on will. Popular music is the mysterious expression of the deep soul of the mass. This music is not an essential, but a meaningful expression of the entire spiritual life of a people. It is not an accident that gypsy music has failed to take Europe by storm. The people, broken by machines, must logically bring forth other elements of a mechanical civilization and so fulfill their destiny. But it is for the good of the new European popular style to make so essential an element into art of the highest order. Here and there new flowers are sprouting. In lands unburdened with any traditions of their own — Russia, England, and America — trumpets and drums begin to supplant the string quartette.

The great masters of the future will no longer compose German or Roman, but European, music. Its home will be Europe and its ideas European. In the symphony of the future the dance step will appear improved, as the country and German dances were developed by Beethoven. The new rhythm, the gift of Africa and America, loosens European soil like a plough and makes it fruitful for a fresh crop. But in order to plant good seed in the native soil a noble personality is always required. The creative artist of any country will flourish if he carries his work and music with him from his youth up. His visions should always be colored with the inheritance of his forbears, scented with the fragrance of his home. People can distinguish Easterners from Westerners, the seafarer from the mountaineer. The creator will always draw his strength from his native soil, though his visions and dreams may wander over far unknown countries. Europe will be the one mother of all, and her children will understand her word, wherever it comes from. No more national music will be written, yet national works of art will remain. The creator is eternally an individual. Indelibly marked with his own land, his native themes, he is like a tree with the wind whistling through its branches.

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TOURISTS WELCOME AND UNWELCOME [1]

BY G. DE VILLEMUS

A TRAIN from Frankfort has just reached the Gare de l'Est. Porters are lined up along the platform, and travelers lean out of the windows, holding their valises. I shout, 'Porter! Porter!' The Bluecap to whom I call hesitates, and then, pretending not to hear me, turns to another traveler who looks like a foreigner. I think to myself, 'Ah, ah! It is no recommendation to be a Frenchman,' and picking up my heavy luggage struggle to the entrance of the station.

A few years ago I witnessed similar scenes in Vienna, Budapest, Warsaw, Prague, and Berlin, whither foreigners rushed in crowds to profit by the low exchange. In those days, when a hundred-franc note still commanded respect, we Frenchmen delighted, as did the others, in playing the multimillionaire in Austrian crowns or German marks. I remember when the stolid Teuton utterly lost his native phlegm and became wildly indignant at the sight of predatory foreigners. Unpleasant incidents occurred daily on the tramcars, and in the restaurants and big stores, of Munich and Berlin. The Bavarians were particularly bitter at this invasion. Strangers came with empty valises, and departed with excess baggage and the maledictions of the natives.

Paris is now suffering from an invasion, however, compared with which these predecessors were mere border forays. Before I left Berlin last week I saw our Consulate besieged by a great crowd of foreigners trying to get visés for France. Most of the applicants were not Germans, but seemed to be from the Balkans and Galicia and other distant places. The French authorities have instructed their consuls to make the path of the German tourist easy. We are encouraging university professors, school-teachers, students, and people of moderate means from that country to spend a summer in France.

I have made a trip to London to see the kind of guests that England is sending us. They are mainly bank clerks and modest middle-class folks. It is an exaggeration to assert that the British unemployed are crossing the Channel to spend their dole in France. English society people are passing the summer as usual at our coast resorts, but a majority of the tourists whom I

'Lean clergymen and their wives'

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *August* 6, 10

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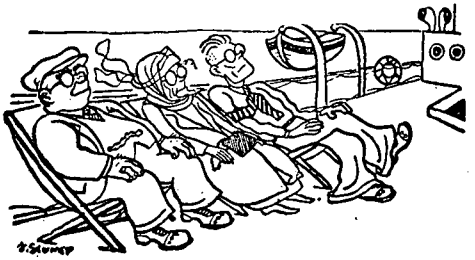
saw on the Boulogne and Folkestone steamers were lean clergymen and their wives, jolly business men with whiskey



'The most chic Americans'

complexions, and flappers in bright-colored cloaks. One would imagine that England produced only young girls or very old ladies. Most of the Britishers in France at present have only a few pounds to spend on their holiday.

I went down to Plymouth to see the City of Paris arrive. That steamer is a

'Begin to drink champagne'

veritable floating palace. Its table is an honor to the best cuisine of France, and it is patronized by the most chic Americans, who come over in the winter to spend the season in the Riviera, or Egypt, or Morocco. I met on board wealthy merchants from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, a few from Chicago, and a number of prosperous Western farmers. Many of the latter were making their first trip, and hoped to get enough to drink in France. The more modest tourists, who come over thinking that their dollars will let them live like millionaires in Europe, patronize smaller steamers. I am told that the Yankees begin to drink champagne the moment they are outside New York

'Tourists who mob the wickets'

harbor. It is the same with the Germans — as soon as they cross our frontier they order champagne in the dining cars.

I have tried in vain to secure some reliable estimate of the number of foreigners who have flocked into France. None of our officials knows. They may number two million, or possibly twice that number. We are the only important country where such ignorance exists. In Germany the number of foreigners sojourning in the Reich is published monthly.

France presents to the millions of strangers now within her gates an example of her strength and recuperative powers. The tourists who mob the wickets of the American Trust Company, the Guaranty Trust, and the Equitable Trust Company of New York, hastening to get the largest possible number of francs for their dollars, feel keenly the steady rise of our currency. They imagine that Mister

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Dollar is being cheated out of his deserts.

Our Government has just voted eleven billions of new taxes, which the French people stand ready to pay. Nevertheless, we do not court the admiration of our guests as we enter upon this grand penance. We do not care to entertain our visitors with the spectacle of our combat with the franc. No, we feel like saying to them, 'Welcome, stranger! Admire our country, enjoy our hospitality. But play fair. Get into the game and pay a tourist tax. That will give you a direct interest in the country where you find it so pleasant to reside.'

As it is, a foreigner who remains in France less than two months pays no tax whatsoever. If he stays longer he must pay sixty-eight francs. Sixty-eight francs, or about a dollar and a half, payable every two years! Surely no heavy burden for people profiting by our low exchange! This does not, in fact, pay the direct cost to the Government of their presence in the country. These tourist fees amounted last year to less than ten million francs, while our *service des étrangers* cost us about ten million francs. We believe that the tax should be raised to two pounds sterling for Englishmen and ten dollars for Americans, and be made payable in the money of their country.

Our visitors can be divided into two distinct groups: transient tourists, who stop at hotels; and those who rent or purchase houses or apartments, and domicile themselves in France to take advantage of the low exchange. The latter are a tremendous nuisance just now, while we are suffering from an acute housing shortage. Transient tourists, on the other hand, are a direct benefit to the country. The hostility to strangers shown of late in Paris, and throughout the country, flies directly in the face of our own interests. Within the last few years our hotel business, and tourist business in general, have grown remarkably. We have built sumptuous palaces for the reception of our visitors, and we shall lose heavily if they stand empty. Moreover, we have every reason to encourage people to come to France who patronize our luxury manufactures.

Let our tourist-haters take warning from what happened in Germany. During the inflation period there, foreigners were subjected to exactions, vexations, and indignities that made them thoroughly dislike the country. Consequently they have not gone back; and Germany is now making a strenuous effort to recover part of the tourist business she has lost. Let us avoid that blunder. Let us welcome the stranger cordially within our gates, but let us tax him a legitimate amount if he shows a disposition to prolong his stay unduly.

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VISITORS OF UNCLEAN MIND[1]

BY A PARIS OBSERVER

For some time past there have been almost daily reports from Paris of demonstrations against foreign visitors. So far as these have been directed against Americans, they may be referred partly to popular irritation with the debt-collecting policy of the United States; and so far as they have been aroused by the occasional spectacle of American or British visitors stupidly exulting in opportunities offered by the fallen franc, they have a very obvious excuse. But it would appear that a good deal of the trouble is consequent on the misdirected enterprise of an agency which offers to show visitors the night life of Paris.

The idea that Paris is a museum of improprieties, a pornographer's paradise, dies hard, being, of course, carefully kept alive by vile persons, some of them degenerate Frenchmen, but many of them foreigners, who derive profit from exhibiting that which would not last for a month if dependent on patronage by the normal Parisian. And it must be infuriating to the average Frenchman, proud of the beauty and amenities of Paris, to feel that the inevitable and the artificially produced horrors of the capital's underworld are being made a raree-show for visitors who will not perceive a tenth part of the things which make Paris the second home of every civilized man and woman.

The agency which takes visitors in a char-à-bancs to see Paris by night is not intentionally trafficking in what is vicious. We may be quite sure that its clients see nothing worse than could be viewed by a visitor to London from the top of a bus traversing certain parts of the West End and certain areas of the East End. Life is full of disappointments, and the most hopefully garish exteriors will often be found, if inspection be possible, to conceal nothing but a drab domesticity. Vice may be there or thereabouts, but, as was said of something else, in no satisfying measure. The naughtiness of Parisians is like the criminality of baronets in melodramatic fiction — something to which there may in real life be occasional aspiration, but only very infrequent and imperfect attainment. The baronets of actual life, though possibly in intention a trifle more vicious than other people, are apt, through indolence or force of habit or deference to family prejudices, to remain almost entirely harmless in action, and the Parisian, whatever his daydreams, occupies as a rule at night a couch as austere as that of the average Londoner.

The travel agency, knowing Paris, knows this. It does but think to gratify, without any real damage to British or American innocence, that desire to see streets of houses which may possibly shelter quite dreadful people. It is merely tactless, not least in starting excursions from places which weary French workers, in no cheerful mood during the present economic crisis, frequent for fresh air at

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin-Conservative weekly), *July* 31

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the end of the day's toil. It gives its clients what they require of it, with insufficient regard for the susceptibilities of Parisians; our quarrel should be with them rather than with it.

The tourist will be the last creature to be civilized. As an individual and at home he may be most estimable, but once set out on an excursion he tends to be deplorably indifferent alike to the genius of the place visited and to the feelings of his hosts. He seems to have got it into his head that being 'personally conducted' means that he need not conduct himself. He may be far from rich, and the majority of tourists to-day are poor, else they would not appear as tourists at all, but in a country which is going through the severest economic troubles he will flourish the signs of wealth. He will be facetious, meaning no evil, but doing a good deal, in inquiry as to the day's value of the franc, and will let the whole body of his neighbors know what he and his wife have been buying in consequence of the slump in its value. Through ignorance, or perhaps in a spirit of holiday generosity, he will tip too lavishly and openly in restaurants of a modest kind, the habitual customers of which feel themselves put at a disadvantage thereby. He will treat monuments sacred to his hosts as if they were no more than objects of curiosity. He will appear at entertainments where a certain regard for appearances is expected in the garb he would in England or America adopt only on the most informal occasions. Without being really guilty of much more than lack of imagination, he will expose to a highly, in some respects almost uniquely, civilized people the whole technique of being a bounder, and will then be mystified that he is not loved.

Let him reflect that in these matters we in London suffer no serious reprisals. Our foreign visitors remain on the whole inconspicuous, and it is difficult to recall any recent incident in which their behavior offended a London crowd. We here get off cheaply. Should we not endeavor to make things pleasanter for the French, for the Italians, for the Belgians, and other Continental peoples, when as tourists we invade their countries? A British boycott of objectionable Parisian resorts which are established solely for foreigners would be a graceful act, and a cheap form of self-denial, for those who abstained would be missing nothing but expense and boredom.

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MY FIRST CONFESSION[1]

BY ALFONSO REYES

THE low door of the Convent of the Hermanas Restoradoras opened close to my house. I often looked out from my window on the quiet sisters going and coming in pairs, hanging their linen out to dry, and cultivating their little garden with that admirable love of detail so characteristic of the devout life. The ringing of the bell surprised me from time to time during the day, or woke me from sleep in the night. More than once I stopped what I was doing and wondered, 'Good Lord, what is going on behind those walls?'

At the time when my childish imagination had already peopled this domain of mystery with phantoms, my grandmother said to me: 'My child, that is a convent. I will take you to the chapel to pray.'

We entered. Candles were burning, and the light fell gently on the statues of the Saints — that quiet, dim light that neither radiates nor expands, where each flame is a fixed and isolated glow in the midst of absolute darkness. A slightly livid face stood out here and there in the gloom, a bleeding arm of Christ, a hand with a cross giving its blessing. When a woman dressed in black entered the convent it was as if a head had drifted past in the air.

'Lord, what is happening in this convent?' There was something sinister in the atmosphere.

That day, as we left the chapel, I heard three old women talking about the secrets of the convent. My grandmother was discussing with the sacristan some story or other about church owls and holy oils, which gave me a chance to slip past to a group of two or three gossips muttering their usual scandal. One of them said: —

'My dear ladies, these religious women are the ones who have prepared the recipes for cooking and serving food that have been handed down to us from our mothers.'

Another old woman replied: 'I know it. I am an old friend of the convent, and was even married here. What a day that was!'

The third said: 'It is many years since anyone was married in that chapel. Only celebration of the Mass is allowed. There is a long story connected with what has happened inside. Mother Transverberation, a member of our community, was always the best embroiderer in the house, the most skillful in sewing wedding presents. She was called the Little Sister of the Wedding Veil, and it was to her that all young married and engaged people used to go. To be sure, the good mother never witnessed a marriage ceremony. Her knowledge of worldly matters began and ended with the wedding gift. She was also the best one at sifting and kneading the dough for the bread of the body, and she was the first at orisons, which are the bread of the soul.'

The old women talked and jested together while my grandmother still conversed with the sacristan. Being a child to whom nobody paid any par-

[1] From *La Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *July* 17

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ticular attention, I wandered about among the different groups with my eyes and ears wide open.

'Finally, one day the holy mother witnessed a marriage ceremony in this chapel. Poor Mother Transverberation! She went out like one possessed, entirely mad. She ran across the garden, poor thing, and fell into a strange ecstasy, "leaving her pain forgotten among the lilies." From that time forth her appearance and tastes changed. She no longer prayed, and she gave up doing embroidery and kneading the dough. When she did sew anything, she pricked her fingers and soiled the white linen with blood; and the loaves that she baked changed into cinders, as if the breath of Satan had passed over them.'

The three old women made the sign of the cross, while the story-teller continued her tale: —

'O fatal power of the imagination tempted by evil! At the end of exactly nine months Mother Transverberation gave one more soldier to the Republic. Since then the marriage ceremony has been forbidden in the chapel, and people here are only allowed to prepare wedding presents. I've heard it told by my nephew John, to whom One-armed Peter reported it. He, in turn, had heard the story from his mother-in-law.'

The three happy gossips laughed and hid their faces, making the sign of the cross to ward off evil thoughts and attacks from bad spirits.

Reader, if you happen to know — and you surely do know, for you are very wise — where the grave of Heinrich Bebel, the *Bebelius* of the German Renaissance, is, tell him this story through the cracks of his tombstone, that he may put it into Latin words and circulate it in Hell. Thus shall you and I be delivered from its insatiable flames.

'Well, Grandma, what do you think? I know all about what's happening. The Devil himself came to the convent and bewitched the nuns.'

I announced this loudly, proud of my knowledge. The poor woman — God rest her soul! — listened to me terrified, believing that I was in a state of mortal sin, and sent me at once to confess a fault which was really nothing more than an error of opinion.

I: 'Father, I've come to confess — '

He: 'You are a child. You know what your sins are, O example of the most uniform kind of wrongdoing! O representative child! Undoubtedly you have eaten almonds that were intended for a cake! Surely you stole nuts from your neighbor's tree yesterday!'

'No.'

'Then I have it. It is you, you little villain, who tore out some of my organ tubes last month to make into whistles. It was not you? And why not, if you are such a little reprobate? Do human minds begin to differ at that tender age when one can hardly tell one young fellow from another? Your sins must be the sins of other children. You throw stones at old women in the street, and you break windows. You eat too much candy, you throw mud in people's mouths when they are yawning, you race of rascals! You tie tin cans to cats' tails. You frighten the cow by playing tricks on her. I'd like to see you milk her afterward! Yes, you are up to all kinds of pranks, like a little fool, like the Felix in the German poem who always drinks out of the bottle and never out of the glass, and like that boy that Luis Vives speaks of in his Latin dialogues, who never got up at dawn, and never combed his hair or washed his hands or poured water out of the nozzle of the pitcher.'

'Father, I don't accuse myself of so many sins. I accuse myself, Father,

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only of having believed the Devil had entered the convent of the nuns!'

'Black suspicion! You are not the first who harbored it. Martin Luther thought the same thing.'

'Father, who was he?'

'A villainous, lascivious demon who had a beard like corn stubble and little curved horns on his forehead. In place of his nose was a piece of sheep's bone, and he had two huge ears like a donkey's, and the heavy hands of a workman. He made himself into a monk, defied the Pope, and eloped with a bewitched nun, by whom he had bewitched children. You 'll know more about him when you grow up. In the meanwhile, go, tell your grandmother that I absolve you, and by way of capital penance I order you to take a cup of chocolate with hot tamales this very evening — you understand me, this very evening.'

I fled, thinking about the demon Luther, and asking myself if he had a tail, the one touch the priest had forgotten to include in his picture. From that day on, since I was a child, I felt obliged to make myself insupportable. Thence arose all my faults. The Father Confessor, with his abstract reprimands, had succeeded in making me into a rascal and perverting my will power.

I rushed to my grandmother with the message, but I did not expect to disconcert her so much. When she learned of my penance she was all excitement and exclamations. Being quite innocent, I considered myself a great sinner already.

Believe me or not, I cannot possibly remember whether they finally gave me chocolate and hot tamales. I only recall, amid the fog of tears, a broken voice saying to me: 'Don't cry, little one. You have scarcely sinned at all. If your grandmother is excited, that is not the reason. It is because she wanted to please you and the priest. But I have n't any, I have n't any, you understand. And he said that I ought to give them to you this evening!'

PROMOTED [1]

BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

At the sound of the boatswain's whistle the galley slaves lay on their oars. Turks, Moors, and Christian criminals, they formed a curious amalgam of the rascality of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. Stripped to the waist, with their heads shaven closely to the skin, they sat six deep, chained to the bench on which they tugged the ponderous oars. A gangway raised above the rowers ran the whole distance of the rowing benches, and on it stood the boatswain with a heavy whip that he used unmercifully. If one died at the oar, he was at once heaved overboard, and the five left had to perform the same work as before, with a man short. In storms, or actions, or a chase after some other vessel, the boatswain ran to and fro, putting bread steeped in wine into their mouths.

When the way that the galley had on

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Conservative weekly), *July* 31

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her had ceased, she let her anchor go and floated like a nautilus on the quiet waters of the little harbor of Motril, a cable's length from shore.

Her pennant trailing in the water, and the great ensign at the jack staff on the poop, showed her to be one of the Dorias' galleys from Genoa. On board her, under the command of Captain Don Juan Ramirez, straight from the Flemish wars, came a detachment of one of the famous *tercios*, to fight against the Moriscoes, whom persecution had driven to revolt. All the hill villages of the Alpujarras around Granada were held for the new sultan who, once a Christian under the name of Fernando de Valor, had gone back to the simpler faith of Allah and his Prophet and butchered every Spaniard he could find. Don John of Austria himself was in command against them. Boats left the galley, full of men, their horses swimming after them, led by a rope. They formed upon the beach and let their horses roll in the sand before they saddled up. Then, when the last boatload had got ashore, the detachment of some fifty men slowly set out toward Motril, leading their horses, who were stiff and cramped after ten days at sea from Genoa. Their captain led his own horse as he walked at the head of his company.

They crossed the beach, passing the spot where the lilies grow, among which were found the sculptured image of Our Lady of the Head, famous throughout the country round about for miracles. When they arrived at the old town the wild inhabitants swarmed out to welcome them, the children, swarthy and ragged as the Moors, shrill-voiced and critical, and in no wise awed by the grim warriors, upon whom they freely passed remarks not always complimentary. As they marched slowly through the sandy streets, toward the plaza where they were to camp, the population crowded to their doors, and, from the iron-grated windows, peered women dressed in the formal costume of the time, but much behind the fashion of Madrid. Though nothing in the world was so detested in their eyes as a Moor, still the close intercourse between the ever-jarring races had endued them with so much of the Arab character that many of them drew their shawls across their mouths when the troopers stared too closely at them.

All eyes were fixed upon the captain, who, thin and war-scarred, one hand upon the hilt of his long Milan rapier, gravely saluted the Alcalde, as he gave his horse to a man to hold, who stepped out from the ranks. The men, in their trunk hose, buff jerkins, tall russet boots, and bright bassinets, were low in stature as a rule, but active and well knit, swarthy, and with the look about them that only life exposed to constant danger ever gives. Some carried crossbows of steel fitted with little windlasses, for no man living was strong enough to bend them with the naked hand. Others bore harquebuses that still were fired with the pyrites wheel, for flintlocks were but just coming into use. All carried pikes and swords of the same pattern as their captain's, though of a common make, heavy, but serviceable. Broken to war for years in Holland, the soldiers, who had been accustomed to give or take but little quarter in their campaigns against the Northern heretics, were just the kind of men to deal with their hereditary foes, the Moors. The people of Motril poured into their willing ears tales of the cruelties committed by the revolted Moriscoes on the Christian villagers that set their blood on fire. Their captain scarcely could prevail on them to rest, before the horses were fit to take the road.

On the third morning, after a Mass held in their camp and an unneeded exhortation not to spare the Moorish dogs, they filed out of Motril. Their chaplain,

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Fray Juan de Dios, a tall, pale-faced Franciscan friar, strong and athletic, with his habit tucked up in his belt, marched with the crossbowmen on foot, carrying a crucifix. Captain Ramirez and his lieutenant, Hugo Mondragon, said that the friar was wasted, and that so fine and tall a man ought to have been a soldier. They often asked him, half in earnest, half jestingly, to change his habit for a uniform, promising if he did so to promote him to the rank of *alférez* at the first opportunity. To all these jokes the friar used to reply that he could do better service in his own regiment, and that the Lord would not forget to promote him if He should see fit.

At daybreak Captain Ramirez left the town, the ragged population turning out to see him on the road, and then returning to its usual avocation of consuming time, as time was what it had the most of to consume. A fresh, soft breeze blew off the sea, wafting a light mist toward the ochre-colored hills, around whose tops it hung in wreaths, but without shrouding them from sight as in the North. The company crossed the half-dried-up river, which ran only in channels here and there, the horses whinnied, glad to be freed from the confinement of the ship, and danced and passaged sideways when the water splashed against their legs. Gradually Motril sank out of sight, as they wound through the sugar fields that circle round the town. When the church tower had disappeared and all the miserable reed-built, straw-thatched huts were passed, Captain Ramirez threw out skirmishers on each side of the troop and sent two mounted men in front. Each crag and copse upon the way might hold an enemy, and all the farms upon the road were quite deserted, the cattle driven to the shelter of the walls of Adra, Salobreña, or Motril, and the crops left standing in the fields. As they ascended the rude track toward the Alpujarras, bearing toward the east a little, they passed by Albuñol, its white and Moorish-looking houses refracting back the morning sun so as almost to blind the soldiers, long accustomed to the low skies of the Low Countries. The soldiers muttered to each other, 'Spain once more, praise to the Lord; she never changes; and though bread, meat, and all the rest may lack, we have the sun to warm us. Long live the Sun!' When the track passed Polopos, they entered the great cork woods of the lower foothills of the sierras, and looking to the vast expanse of country descried Almuñecar in the distance and Salobreña on its rocky eminence. Torrox, still held by the enemies of God, nestled against the very breast of the wild hills, encircled by its walls. Its slender mosque tower was just visible, and near the walls the tents of the besiegers sent by Don John of Austria to reduce the place clustered like toadstools round the trunk of a dead tree.

Now and again they passed dead bodies, half eaten by the wolves, and halted for Fray Juan to say a prayer over them, while the men cursed the spawn of Mohammed. Lanjarron lay half in ruins, and from the cellars crept starved wretches who had been too terrified to venture out to make their way toward the coast. From them the captain learned that the first strong place held by the rebels was but a half-day's march away among the hills. The people said it was impregnable without siege cannon, perched as it was, like an eagle's eyrie on a crag, with a deep chasm in the rock before the only door. Night was approaching, and in an orange garden where half the trees had been cut down they made their camp. So wild and desolate the landscape looked in the fast-failing light, it seemed they and their horses were the only living

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things in all the world. Far off, the sea shone like a sheet of frosted silver, without a sail to give relief to its immensity. The red earth glowed like a blazing furnace under the last rays of the setting sun. Great bands of scarlet, fading into magenta and dissolving into a faint purple, barred the sky. Lakes seemed to float above the mountain-tops as in a mirage; lakes so translucent and diaphanous that, as they melted into faintest saffron and disappeared to form again in fine gradations of violet, black, brown, aquamarine, and palest opal, it seemed as if the atmosphere challenged the spectrum to follow all its shades.

The sentinels drowsed at their posts, blowing their match occasionally to keep it burning. When it flared for an instant, its bluish gleam lit up the bivouac and disclosed the groups of soldiers, sleeping with their feet toward the fire, and underneath the orange trees the horses picketed, munching their barley, or resting a hind leg, with one ear pointing forward and the other backward, to catch the slightest sound. Of all the camp, only the friar was wakeful, telling his beads, and rising now and then to pray upon his knees. The officers, who slept but intermittently, smiled at each other as they looked at him, and muttered, 'Not only he, but all the friars in Spain are praying for us.' The false dawn saw the camp astir, with the dew dropping off the orange trees, matting the horses' manes and tails and running from the barrels of the harquebuses. Before the morning star had fairly disappeared, the men had cleaned their arms, looked to the crossbow strings, fed their horses, and, after a brief prayer from the friar, commenced a long ascent over a steep staircase of rock, the horses scrambling like cats to keep their foothold, and striking fire out of the stones. Soon peasants driving their flocks before them appeared upon the road, with tales of all the horrors of the revolt — for both sides fought like famished wolves, holding their lives as nothing, if they might only kill an enemy. On every side the smoke of burning villages filled the air, and in the distance shots resounded through the hills.

Spurring along the road and looking anxiously from side to side among the bushes, a courier from Don John of Austria's headquarters at Isnalloz rode up to them. Victory was certain, but several rebel chieftains still held out and the campaign was bound to last for months. A Turk, one Mamet Ali, held the strong little fortress of Hisnr-el-Birk, only a league away, with about five-and-twenty men. From it he sallied out at intervals to raid the district, slaughtering the villagers like sheep, and violating all the women and girls. The courier did not know the Spanish name of the stronghold, but said it did not matter, for hereabouts we all speak Arabic. He tightened up his girths, crossed himself, mounted, and moved off, calling out as he went, 'Mamet Ali is a devil and the son of a devil; look out for him.' Then, spurring on, he vanished in a cloud of dust, his horse's footfalls echoing back for a long time in the still air.

Captain Ramirez called a halt and dismounted all his men, who fed their horses and ate a scanty meal. Then he sent out two scouts. On their return they said the castle was but a mile or two away. The bridge across the chasm had been cut. The trestles still remained, and in the bushes they had found some planks they thought might stretch across. The Captain saddled up at once and, dashing forward, drove the Moors into the fort. No time was to be lost, for bolts and arrows whistled among them, wounding several of the men. The Captain's first care was to send the horses to the rear, out of the

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missiles' way. Then he called out for volunteers. All answered his demand, and carrying brushwood cut down with their swords, to shelter them, they bridged the chasm, losing a man or two slain by the stones the Moors cast down on them. The Turk stood on the walls directing everything. No shot could touch him, and the soldiers said he was certainly in league with Satan, or had a hundred lives. When all was ready and the fire of the harquebuses and the crossbowmen kept back the enemy from the bridge, there was a pause. The hardy soldiers, who had faced perils all their lives in the Italian and Dutch wars, in Mexico and in Peru, stood hesitating, for it seemed certain death to venture on the planks exposed to fire and to a rain of stones.

Captain Ramirez was tightening up his belt, to lead his men to victory or to death, when he was put aside, firmly but gently. His eyes ablaze, his face pale as a corpse, his habit tucked up to his belt, carrying a sword in one hand and in the other holding a crucifix, Fray Juan de Dios rushed across the bridge amid a shower of stones. The soldiers, yelling, 'Santiago, close up Spain; death to the Moorish dogs!' rushed after him and battered down the door. For half an hour the fight raged furiously without a thought of quarter, the soldiers striking down the Moors, who fought to their last breath, stabbing their enemies upon the ground in their death agony. Mamet Ali, still without a wound, fought stubbornly up the stone stairway to the roof, and bounding on the parapet hurled a last curse against the Nazarenes and sprang into the abyss. Down in the courtyard, after his losses had been counted, the Captain wiped his sword upon the cloak of a dead Moor. 'The dogs fought well,' he said to his lieutenant. 'Where is the friar, for after God we owe the victory to him? This time he shall be made alférez if I have to go to Rome to get the Holy Father to absolve him from his vows. I will promote him this time, no matter what he says.' His second in command looked at him sadly, saying, 'It is in vain. He was promoted half an hour ago in his own regiment. Come and see where he lies.'

Ten paces from the gate he lay, his eyes wide open, but with the fire of combat gone from them, and a look of content upon his face. A little stream of blood, already nearly dried, had trickled from his lips, as a great rock crushed in his chest. His sword, broken and bloody, was by his side, and with his last breath he had grasped the crucifix in his right hand.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Razing London's Churches

SINCE Regent Street was ruined in the interests of commercialism, we have heard fewer British references to our billboarded landscapes, and correspondingly more effort has been spent to prevent further outrages at home. The proposal to tear down a number of Sir Christopher Wren's old churches in the City of London has occasioned a lively debate in the House of Lords. The problem is what to do with a number of fine old buildings — forty-six in all — in which scarcely a dozen people go to worship of a Sunday, while in the poorer suburbs and country districts there is not enough religion to go round. The property on which these old buildings stand has become infinitely more valuable on account of the shift in population, which has reduced the number of inhabitants of the business district of London — commonly known as the City — by more than thirty per cent in ten years. Only office buildings can now afford to maintain themselves on such valuable land. The powers of darkness express themselves as follows, through the voice of Lord Hunsdon: —

Lord Hugh Cecil said that he considered that it would be barbarous to pull down St. Alban's, Fore Street, and St. Mary, Aldermanbury. He may be perfectly right — I do not in the least say he is not. But I went and stepped the distance between those two churches. It was thirty-seven of my paces. We will call it forty yards. They are in the same street. I took down a map of the churches and I measured, and I found that these two churches are surrounded by six other churches, the farthest away being less than two hundred and fifty yards in a straight line.

You have thus got a little block of eight churches. St. Alban's, Fore Street, and St. Mary, Aldermanbury, may be, and I think are, of interest, and they may be of sufficient interest to preserve, but why do you make the Church of England preserve them? Why do you make the Church of England carry on what appears to the public as the scandal of having eight churches in a little circle which is not three hundred yards across?

May I give another instance? I take the ordnance map and I measure an equilateral triangle three hundred yards in length on each side. It is, that is to say, roughly, nine acres, the size of a reasonable-sized garden, and it is bounded by Gracechurch Street on one side, King William Street on another, and Cornhill on the other. It faces the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England, and is bisected almost exactly by Lombard Street, of which you have heard. In that nine acres, which, with hardly any exaggeration at all, I may call the centre of the world, there are six churches where one can do the work easily.

The Archbishop of Canterbury contributed this little item to the dispute: —

It is heartbreaking for those who have responsibility for collecting money and for those who have responsibility for administering Church affairs to find the argument brought up time after time, 'Look at the City of London; see what is going on there,' and be told, 'That is the way you want things to continue.' You find there little churches where excellent men are quite unable, from the mere lack of people, to find congregations.

I have a friend, an extremely good man, a very good preacher and a very capable man, who told me that after five years' in-

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cumbency of a City church he was obliged to give it up, 'notwithstanding the fact,' he said, 'that while I have been there I have doubled the congregation. When I went, there were three; now there are six.'

Under the title 'Vandalism,' the Roman Catholic *Universe* attacked the proposed destruction vigorously. Here are three of the strongest paragraphs in the editorial: —

We have before expressed our view about the Bishop of London's Bill to facilitate the demolition of the City of London parish churches. It is not an Anglican domestic question; it concerns us Catholics in more ways than one. It is true that all the City churches but nine, and all the churches immediately threatened, were built by Protestants for Protestants. But their sites, which are what really matter financially, are old Catholic property, dedicated to God's worship, and desecrated in the sacrilege of four hundred years ago.

Certainly the Bishop of London has no right to grab for the purpose of Anglican propaganda the huge increment in value that attaches to these sites. They were given to God, consecrated buildings have stood upon them, and their equitable value, to those holding them simply as religious trustees, is the sum they would fetch were the conditions of sale to include a provision that they should only be used for religious purposes. How much would that value be, compared with the sum the Bishop of London proposes to put into the pockets of his diocese?

It is a matter of principle that is at stake. We Catholics are not concerned with the domestic questions of Anglicanism. But here is a question of a large number of valuable sites which have been dedicated to the uses of Catholic worship, and might quite conceivably, in the course of time, revert to those uses. They are holy ground. It is our right and our duty as citizens to protest against their further desecration, and also to protest against the acquirement by their desecrators of huge sums of money in addition to those already robbed from God and His Church.

Those in favor of letting the churches stand claim that the buildings serve their purpose six days a week when tired clerks can drink deep draughts of spiritual refreshment simply by looking at their exquisite contours. It is pointed out that the churches were built just after the London Fire by a tax on coal which fell on Jew, Protestant, and Catholic alike, and that the buildings are the property of the people. Their increased value is due to those who do business in the City and whose activities, rather than any efforts of the Church of England, give the land the value it has to-day.

As the case now stands, the House of Lords has, by a small majority, approved of the destruction of the churches, but final action will not take place until the House of Commons votes this fall.

Germany Greets Shaw

It was to be expected that such German writers as Jakob Wassermann, Franz Werfel, and Emil Ludwig would wish Bernard Shaw many happy returns of the day when he reached the age of seventy. *Die Literarsiche Welt* gave over its entire first page three days before this memorable anniversary to various tributes in verse and prose, of which the most remarkable was Albert Einstein's. The greeting of the great German scientist to the great Irish playwright ran as follows: —

'Few men in the world are sufficiently independent to be able to perceive the weaknesses and follies of their contemporaries and to remain untouched by them themselves. What few there are of this type usually soon lose the courage to work in any intelligent direction once they have learned how stupid human beings are. Only a very small number indeed can fascinate a whole generation with their humor and grace and hold the mirror of art up to

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nature. I greet the greatest master of this art with heartfelt sympathy — the man who has delighted and enlightened us all.'

Another German to wish Shaw many happy returns of the day was Dr. Stresemann, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who conveyed his greetings through Herr Sthamer, German Ambassador in London. In acknowledging the felicitation Shaw took the opportunity to get back at his own country's Government for refusing to let his birthday speech be broadcasted. This is Mr. Shaw's letter: —

MY DEAR STHAMER, —

The public honor done me by the message of the German Minister of Foreign Affairs is enhanced by its coming through your hands. It is the sort of thing that would never occur to a British Foreign Secretary, because, as you well know, we are a barbarous nation in matters of culture.

We have a genuine dread of intellect in any form, and a conviction that art, though highly enjoyable clandestinely, is essentially immoral.

Therefore the sole notice taken on my seventieth birthday by the British Government was its deliberate official prohibition of the broadcasting of any words spoken by me on that occasion.

The contrast between this attitude and that of the German Government would be a painful one for a nation with cultural traditions, but our governing classes are rather proud of it.

To them I owe my reputation as a dangerous and disreputable person; to Germany I owe my recognition in Europe as a thinker and dramatic poet.

What is more important, Europe owes to Germany such European sense as exists of the importance of thought and dramatic poetry and the value of lives devoted to them; therefore a tribute from Germany confers on me a distinction that no other nation in the world could give me.

If I were a German, I should be justifiably proud of this. As I am, if not an Englishman (as you know, I am an Irishman), at least a lifelong and faithful servant of the English people, I am sorry that it should be so. But it is so, and I am none the less grateful to Germany.

These, however, are merely national considerations. There is a supernational republic of thought and art, to the great German members and masters of which my debt is incalculable, and that their countrymen should admit my claim to be a member of it is a triumph which enables me to face without blushing all the eulogies and congratulations showered on me on the first birthday I have ever celebrated and the last I intend ever to celebrate.

I am fortunate in having the privilege of your personal friendship, which enables me to speak more frankly than I could if our relations were merely official.

Agitated Polliwogs

THANKS to the generosity of a Paris publisher, the youth of France has been given the opportunity to revel in an orgy of self-investigation. The *Cahiers du Mois* has assembled a sheaf of confessions from a number of youngsters who were too young to fight in the war but are now just becoming capable of articulate thought. The activities of their big brothers — Morand, Cocteau, Gide, and Giraudoux — are astonishing enough, and in their light we can perhaps better understand the quandary of the youngest generation.

Morand, as our readers know at first hand, started out on his trip around the world with the reputation of being just about the wisest lad in Europe. He came back thoroughly sold on Eastern Higher Thought. Cocteau, a brilliant dabbler in several of the arts, went over to the Church of Rome. Gide, still partly under the spell of Dostoevskii, has gone to Africa in search of God. Giraudoux, having been badly knocked out by the war, devotes himself to writing and stoicism. Perhaps this is the result of his experiences at Harvard in 1917, when he came over with five

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other French officers to teach the young idea to shoot.

It is not surprising, then, to find some confusion in the ranks of the twenty-year-olders. They all agree that they are looking in vain for something to chew on. They feel called upon to perform some kind of act that will express and nourish what they believe to be their 'eternal part.' But the difficulty is that only the fleeting moment seems to possess reality, and anyone who has tried to express his immortal part within the space of two or three seconds knows how discouraging that can be. Let us see, then, what this generation of Hamlets has to say for itself.

'Only sincerity can lead to understanding, and one cannot want to accept everything. Necessity of choice and sacrifice are involved which can only end up in a feeling of insupportable mutilation for anyone who has no purpose in view. But on what is this sacrifice to be founded?'

One need not be highly experienced in life to have run up against several people whose plight is even more pitiful than that of M. Pierre Burgelin, author of that lucid paragraph. As for M. Jean Caves, he declares that the life he has made for himself is one of perpetual change, but he also envisages a state of mind of complete indifference to sensations, and feels that he may want 'to be reabsorbed in the Being' at any moment.

Claude Chanteville feels that his elders cannot understand his spiritual position. 'Unlike those who have gone before me,' confesses Claude, 'I have not experienced the feeling of perpetuity. I spend my time chasing ideas and moments, and life runs faster than I do. I cannot resign myself to saving my soul and losing myself.'

'At sixteen,' writes Louis Emié, 'nothing around me was in order. There were no precautions of any kind. This anarchy lasted, and I liked it.' But for being such a naughty little boy he is now being punished by 'a thirst for constraint voluntarily applied.' Although Alain Lemaire announces that he is 'essentially and physiologically an anarchist,' he too feels the need of restraint of some kind. The mathematically minded Philippe P. Datz poses this equation: — My Reason: Everything is Perfectly Useless = My Love: Everything is Worth the Trouble of being Undertaken. The only new element in this equation as far as French character goes is the uselessness of the reason, but it seems to balance in spite of that.

Catholicism is the favorite refuge. Marxism with a dash of mysticism also has its devotees. Nobody can work up much enthusiasm about a religion of humanity. 'I have no faith in human effort,' declares that cynical Chanteville boy. 'The idea of the progress of our civilization cannot take the place of belief, because I believe that it will pass as other civilizations have passed.'

It is particularly sad to relate that only one young man — and he rejoices in the name of Léon Bopp — has a kind word to say for Science. The solitary idea that emerges from this mystical talk is that the young men of France are heading, without knowing it yet, for a revival of humanism. The more timorous take refuge in mysticism, but they are all interested in human nature. Being French, they have to use words like *Mysticisme*, *Egoisme*, *Catholicisme*, *Epicurisme*, *Christianisme*, *Stoicisme*, and *Marxisme* in nearly every sentence; but their language is not of their making, and its words in their mouths seem to mean a little something.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The End of Laissez-Faire, by John Maynard Keynes. London: The Hogarth Press, 1926. 2*s.*

[Philip Snowden in the *Daily Herald*]

THE greatest need of the Socialist Movement to-day is clear and constructive thinking. Participation in the everyday work of politics leaves little time for philosophic thought and scientific investigation. The consequence is that we are living largely on the policies of the past, oblivious of the fact that events are ever on the move, and that new occasions demand a restatement of policies and programmes in harmony with the changed conditions which progress has established.

Neither the methods by which Socialism can be accomplished, nor the details of the Socialistic State, have been revealed to us once and for all. Socialist theory is itself a gradual revelation, and the details of its application are matters to be tried and tested by practical experience.

Socialism cannot be compressed into a dogma or a shibboleth. It is not a matter of catchwords and phrases. It is a theory of politics and social relations. Socialism in our time is just as meaningless as religion in our time. Neither in our time, nor in anybody else's time, will Socialism be established in the sense that a static system of industrial and social organization has been achieved. Socialism is dynamic; and forms and methods will always be changing and improving.

The practical side of Socialism aims at securing for every individual the fullest development and the largest measure of freedom. That system is the best, whether it be *Laissez-faire*, Capitalism, or Socialism, which will achieve that purpose. Mr. Keynes, in his thought-provoking treatise under review, gives an historical sketch of the various theories which at different epochs have dominated philosophical, religious, political, and economic thought, all having for their purpose the greatest good of the greatest number.

The disciples of pure individualism had a great truth to teach — namely, the rights and duties of the individual. Where their doctrine lacked the truth was in not appreciating the conditions in modern life and industry where individual liberty and development and happiness could be secured. Its belief that that object could be attained by each individual pursuing his own personal interests, that uncontrolled private enterprise could best promote the common good, has been proved to be unfounded. Experience has shown that private and public interests do not always coincide.

The doctrine of *laissez-faire* did incorporate, in a sense, Individualism and Socialism. It was based on the idea that the *summum bonum* of the philosopher could be attained by leaving business to be conducted under the incentive of private profit. Its objection to Government interference was due to the belief that such interference hampered private enterprise and initiative, and thereby lessened wealth-production, and the possible total of human benefit.

That comfortable doctrine has been destroyed by its obvious failure to attain its avowed purpose. The interference of the State in industry, and its right to regulate social life, are not now questioned. No school of philosophy, no economists. and no political party, now challenge the right, or deny the duty, of the State to interfere with private enterprise. Professor Cannan, quoted by Mr. Keynes, has said: 'Scarcely a single English economist of repute will join in a frontal attack on Socialism, though nearly every economist, whether of repute or not, is always ready to pick holes in most Socialist proposals.'

Those words might with equal truth be applied to political parties.

The position to-day is this — namely, that the old doctrine of *laissez-faire* is exploded; the belief is dead that the best social system is one in which individuals are left entirely free to pursue their own interests, thereby tending to promote the general interests at the same time. But, as Mr. Keynes points out, the new ideas and the old ideas have become mixed together, and many, recognizing the limitations of *laissez-faire*, still retain a bias in its favor, and reluctantly support State interference and State schemes.

In a transition period it is natural that the new ideas should be supported with varying degrees of enthusiasm by different people. Mr. Keynes, and the school of progressive Liberals with whom he is identified, fully realize the inevitable tendency toward public control. But they do not, in accepting a theory or recognizing a tendency, commit themselves to its universal application.

They are appreciative of the virtues of individualism, while conscious of its limitations and evils. They want to make the best of both systems. One of the chief hindrances to the wider acceptance of Socialism has been the failure of Socialists to appreciate the reasonable position of

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men like Mr. Keynes. We must admit the justice of Mr. Keynes's statement, that the poor quality of much of our Socialist propaganda has been the best ally of the principles of *laissez-faire*.

From the political point of view the problem for Socialists is to secure the support of those who, while prepared to advance on the lines of public control, taking first things first, are not willing to subscribe to a dogma which demands the nationalization of everything, from the land to toothbrushes and collar studs. The matter was never better put than by Burke, who said: 'One of the finest problems in legislation is to determine what the State ought to take upon itself, to direct by the public wisdom, and what it ought to leave, with as little interference as possible, to individual exertion.'

We cannot settle, Mr. Keynes says, on abstract grounds, but must handle in detail, on their merits, particular proposals and schemes. In considering such proposals the Socialist would approach them with a bias in favor of public control; men of Mr. Keynes's views with a bias in the other direction. But he suggests an agenda of schemes of public control, including the recognition of semiautonomous bodies within the State bodies, whose criterion of action within their own field is solely the public good, and from whose activities motives of private advantage would be excluded. He considers that the public control of currency and credit is a matter ripe for decision.

Mr. Keynes has, by this treatise, rendered a service to constructive thought, which should be as valuable to Socialists as to progressive Liberals. It points to the need of an understanding between men who may attach varying degrees of importance to academic theories, but who on practical issues have so much in common that coöperation for practical purposes is very desirable.

A Call to Order, by Jean Cocteau. Translated by Rollo H. Myers. London: Faber and Gwyer, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

It is not easy either to exaggerate or adequately to express the importance of this book. Mr. Myers has gathered and rendered half a dozen of M. Cocteau's critical essays, notably '*Le Coq et l'Arlequin*' and '*Le Secret Professionnel.*' They will make difficult reading for the English, especially for the provincial, public. When you are playing poker, however good your hand, you cannot play the round without entering a preliminary stake. For most of us, the present reviewer included, M. Cocteau's preliminary stake is almost impossibly high. His essays are largely concerned with groups of French writers, artists, musicians, many of whom are mere names in England; he cites two English writers — Shakespeare and Daisy Ashford. It is worth while to overcome or neglect the obstacle. No critic has an acuter intelligence than M. Cocteau; his is, to speak in æsthetic values only, the most civilized of books, at once a delight and a tonic. With simplicity sophisticated and unemotional, he shrinks from 'sentimental blackmail.' He has a horror of eclecticism. He is terrified of being accepted, of being taken seriously, of taking himself too seriously. A work accepted is shelved; it 'ends by attracting flies.' He seems to reject an absolute æsthetic truth; works of art have their moments of birth and flowering, decay and reflowering; and genius does not linger among the tombstones. It is, indeed, the man of genius who is his own times, who marks the epoch; the rest 'follow in a bus'; he is like the only man in step. The theory of art which, not explicitly stated, emerges from his essays looks as if it came from Bergson, though some passages indicate either a departure from or a misunderstanding of the Bergsonian position. What M. Cocteau wants to do is to deridiculize beauty; to unwrap it from frills and thrills and mysteries; to 'play without using the pedal.' He calls for Musical Bread. Hence his devotions to Satie, to Radiguet, to Braque; and his down on the 'accursed' school of poets, on Wagner and all music to which one listens with one's face in one's hands. His own position is curious. He can't get the public to regard him as a poet, because he won't be 'poetical'; they think he's trying to be funny, and succeeding moderately.

A Call to Order is brilliantly written as well as acutely thought. It propels itself by explosions, like a motor car — every explosion a lean perfect sentence. To read it is to draw the breath of finer air in the best of company. Above all, we must not allow ourselves to become uncritical in the reading, or M. Cocteau will disown us. As he says, 'the speed of a runaway horse counts for nothing.'

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Travels of Marco Polo, Revised from Marsden's Translation and Edited with Introduction by Manuel Komroff. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. $3.50.

EXCEPT for the absence of a usable map, a serious lack in a work of this character, this edition of one of the most romantic travel books ever written is most commendable. The introduction is adequate, and not too learned for the popular reader; the few footnotes — not frequent enough to interrupt the flow of the narrative — are illuminating; an excellent index facilitates references; and the general make-up is unusually attractive. Few modern tourists will follow the adventurous Venetian's footsteps across Central Asia, even in our globe-circling days; but none of the thousands of inquisitive Americans who visit the Orient annually should miss the historical background afforded by the chapters describing the court of the Great Khan in Peking more than two centuries before the discovery of America, the excellent government of his vast empire, with its post roads, canals, and coal-heated baths, and his well-policed subject cities in the Middle Kingdom. We gather from the flattering account of this sojourner that the China of seven hundred years ago was a rather more pleasant and civilized place to live in than the China of to-day.

New Poems and Old, by Muriel Stuart. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell, 1926. $2.00

> IT seems that your blue immobility
> Has been forever, and must forever be.
> Man seems the unstable thing
> Fevered and hurrying.

This sort of thing Thomas Hardy finds 'superlatively good.' It is Muriel Stuart at her best in 'The Harebell,' 'than which,' to quote Henry Savage's Introduction, 'there are few poems in the language so light.' There are a great many such poems in the language. They record those poetic moods which one must rule and mortify in one's entire being if one would ever write poetry. In spite of the twice-used 'seems,' 'The Harebell' is a poem any valid poet might write. Only he would descend in doing so, and, in doing so, Muriel Stuart rises. This book is characterized by the words 'unremembered,' 'shame,' 'flung,' and 'nameless.' Yet British samples of such work seldom pass unappraised, for the cultural relations between the 'two sister commonwealths' are incestuous. When an American publisher imports work of which there is a domestic plethora, persons of decent instincts need not rest content with silent means of stating their disgust.

From Nine to Nine, by Leo Perutz. New York: The Viking Press, 1926. $2.00.

IT would be most unfair to reveal any of the plot of this unusual mystery-story describing twelve hours in the life of a strange Viennese student. One can only say that the structure of the book is unique. Apparently the whole point is revealed halfway through, but the reader has by that time become so deeply interested in the characters that his attention does not falter until the final surprise on the very last page. *From Nine to Nine* contains a rare blending of mystery with vivid characterization. To *Living Age* readers, whose taste for the exotic is already developed to a comparatively high degree, it can be strongly recommended. The publishers are to be congratulated on their enterprise in bringing to America such a welcome variation from the sterile monotony or perverse eccentricity that seems to beset most contemporary fiction in England and on the Continent.

The Mad Busman, by Ida A. R. Wylie. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.00.

No story in the present collection is lacking in some feature which raises it out of the ordinary run. They are all popular in character, — to use a much abused but readily intelligible term, — and many of them are of the 'triangle' variety, but not often does sentiment slop over into sentimentality, and where it does a seasoning of humor usually saves the day. 'Little Fräulein and the Big World' is clearly the best of the collection — a tale written with delicacy and restraint; while 'The Wonderful Story' bears some of the marks of a true tragedy. Every story has a happy ending, but that is part of the reward of popularity.

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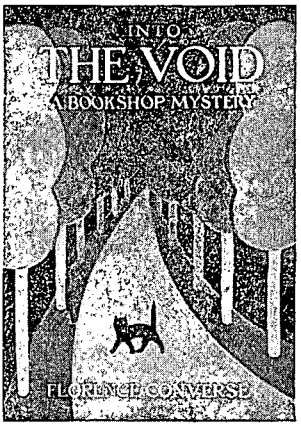

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